NATIONAL REVIEW

Remembering Barry Goldwater

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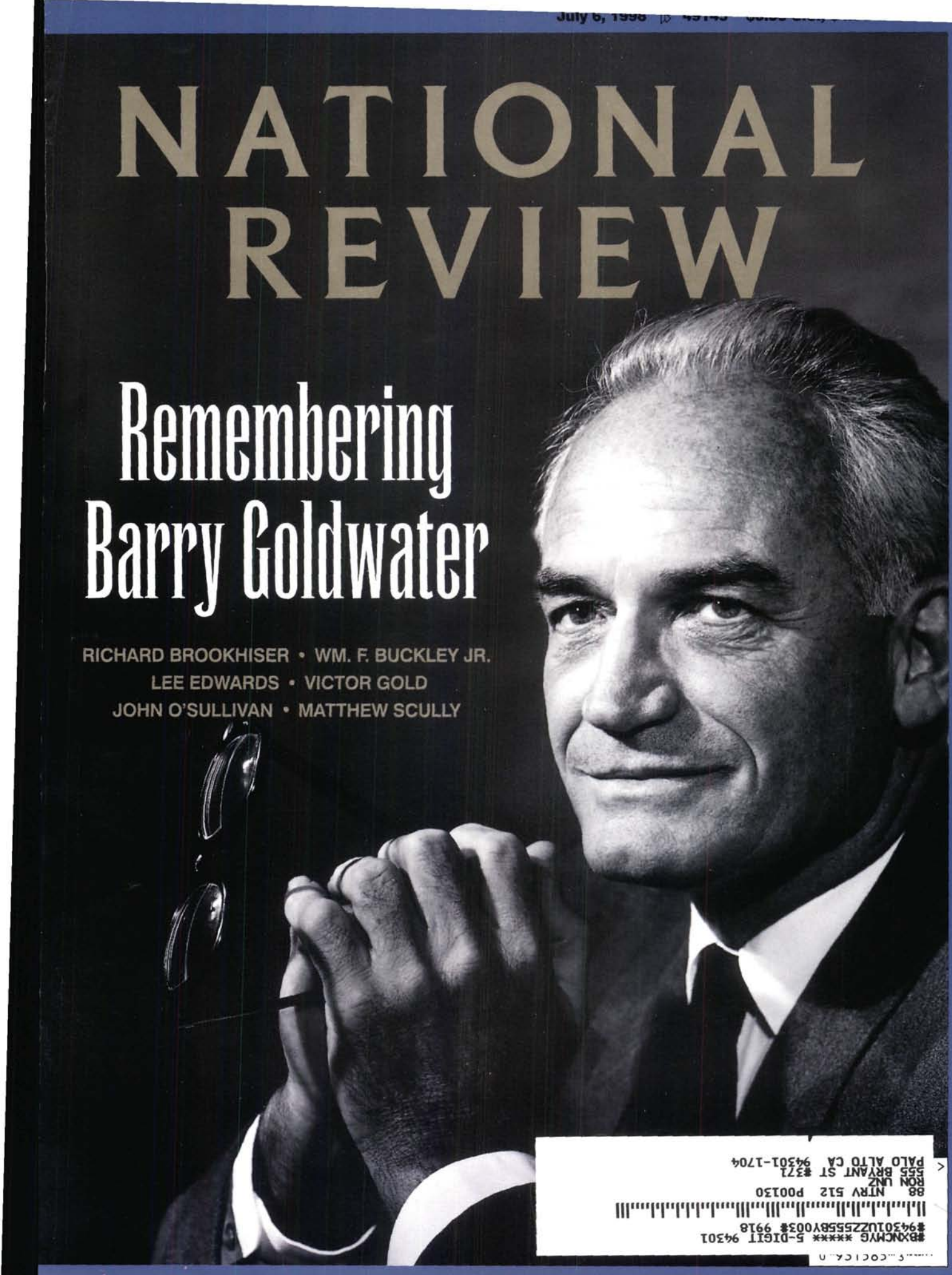
LEE EDWARDS • VICTOR GOLD
JOHN O'SULLIVAN • MATTHEW SCULLY



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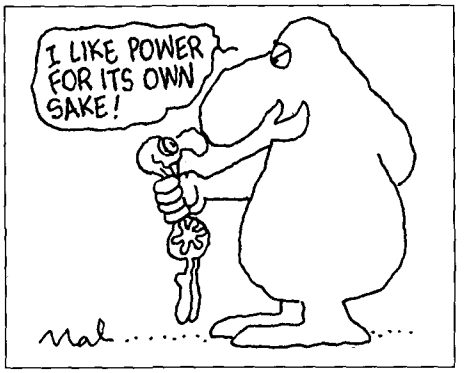
JULY 6, 1998 VOL. L, NO. 12



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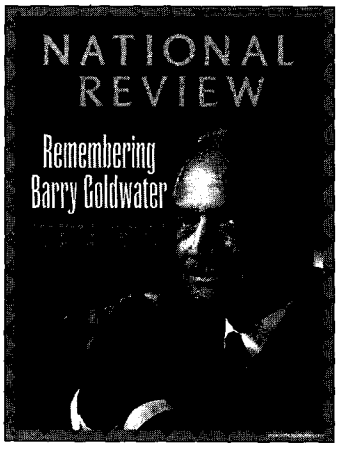

Cover photograph by Yousuf Karsh/Woodfin Camp

www.nationalreview.com

NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 215 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Periodicals postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. ©National Review, Inc., 1998. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc., to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 215 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P. O. Box 668, Mount Morris, Ill. 61054-0668; phone, 815-734-1232, Monday–Friday, 7:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M. Eastern time. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile. Direct classified advertising inquiries to: Classifieds Dept., National Review, 215 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016 or call 212-679-7330. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P. O. Box 668, Mount Morris, Ill. 61054-0668. Printed in the U.S.A.

RATES: $59.00 a year (25 issues). Add $21.50 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

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LETTERS

Preferences and the Fourteenth

Max Boot's "Unrestrained" [June 1], although in many respects excellent, has this egregious blunder: "It is indeed hard to believe that the Fourteenth Amendment's ratifiers meant to abolish a racial spoils system in education when they were perfectly content to have segregated public schools in the District of Columbia. A constitutional amendment that allowed states to discriminate against blacks should certainly allow them to discriminate in favor of blacks. Certain affirmative-action policies may well run afoul of color-blind civil-rights statutes, but conservatives who invoke the Constitution to strike down these laws are as guilty of judicial activism as their liberal adversaries."

That the Reconstruction Congress established segregated schools in the District of Columbia tells us exactly nothing as to the intention of the Fourteenth Amendment, since that amendment applied to states and not to the District. Nor was there, at that time, a "racial spoils system" to abolish. That the Federal Government established schools of any kind for recently emancipated slaves was in itself a giant step forward. The segregated schools that were retrograde were those established after 1898 as a result of the "separate but equal" doctrine enshrined in *Plessy* v. *Ferguson*. Justice Harlan's dissenting opinion in that case, holding that the Constitution was color-blind and that it did not recognize disparate or distinct classes among those who were citizens of the United States, remains the classic exposition of the authentic Constitution.

The Thirteenth Amendment abolished slavery, but it did not make Negroes citizens. This was accomplished by the Fourteenth Amendment. But that Amendment also took pains to see that its intention not be evaded by recognizing different classes of citizens. This is the origin and meaning of the equal-protection clause. Nothing could be further from the truth than Boot's assertion that the amendment allowed—and allows—discrimination on the basis of race or color.

The civil-rights statutes, beginning in 1964, are not free-standing expressions of congressional sentiment. They are actions taken to implement the Fourteenth Amendment. Boot's pronouncement that there is no constitutional foundation for the rejection of racial preferences is as damaging to the Constitution as it is to public policy.

Harry V. Jaffa
Claremont, Calif.

In Defense of Conquests

John Keegan ["Onward & Upward—but Why?" June 1] was an odd choice to review Thomas Sowell's *Conquests and Cultures*. Keegan is a military historian; Sowell's book is about cultural and economic history. What is really objectionable, however, is the relentlessly patronizing tone that Mr. Keegan uses.

Keegan does not mention the abundant original and important insights in Sowell's work. Sowell tries to explain why some cultures prospered and others did not. He is successful in explaining much of history, though certainly not all. Yet Keegan faults him because he does not "explain . . . away" why Britain and not France became "Europe's leading imperial power." There are many other things that Sowell does not "explain away." But that is hardly a fault. I don't know of anyone who has tried to explain all the problems of history, let alone succeeded.

Ernest van den Haag
New York, N.Y.

Today's Armey Is A-OK

In your June 22 issue, John J. Miller ["Today's Armey"] posed the question, "Has Dick Armey gone native?" I can answer that one: Not a chance.

One does not have to know Mr. Armey personally to know that he is an unflinching conservative who should be admired, not ridiculed, for being a patriot first and a politician second. In fact, as someone who has worked on Capitol Hill for more than seven years, I find his unpretentious, homespun style refreshing, to say the least. God bless the non-conformists.

Jennifer Larkin
Washington, D.C.

Correction

A line was dropped from "Dartmouth Reviewed" by Jeffrey Hart (June 22). The sentences over the page break should read: ". . . Baldwin and three staffers approached Cole and invited him to defend his conduct in a statement that would be printed, unedited, in the *Review*. Harsh words were exchanged . . ." *Our apologies.*

—LB

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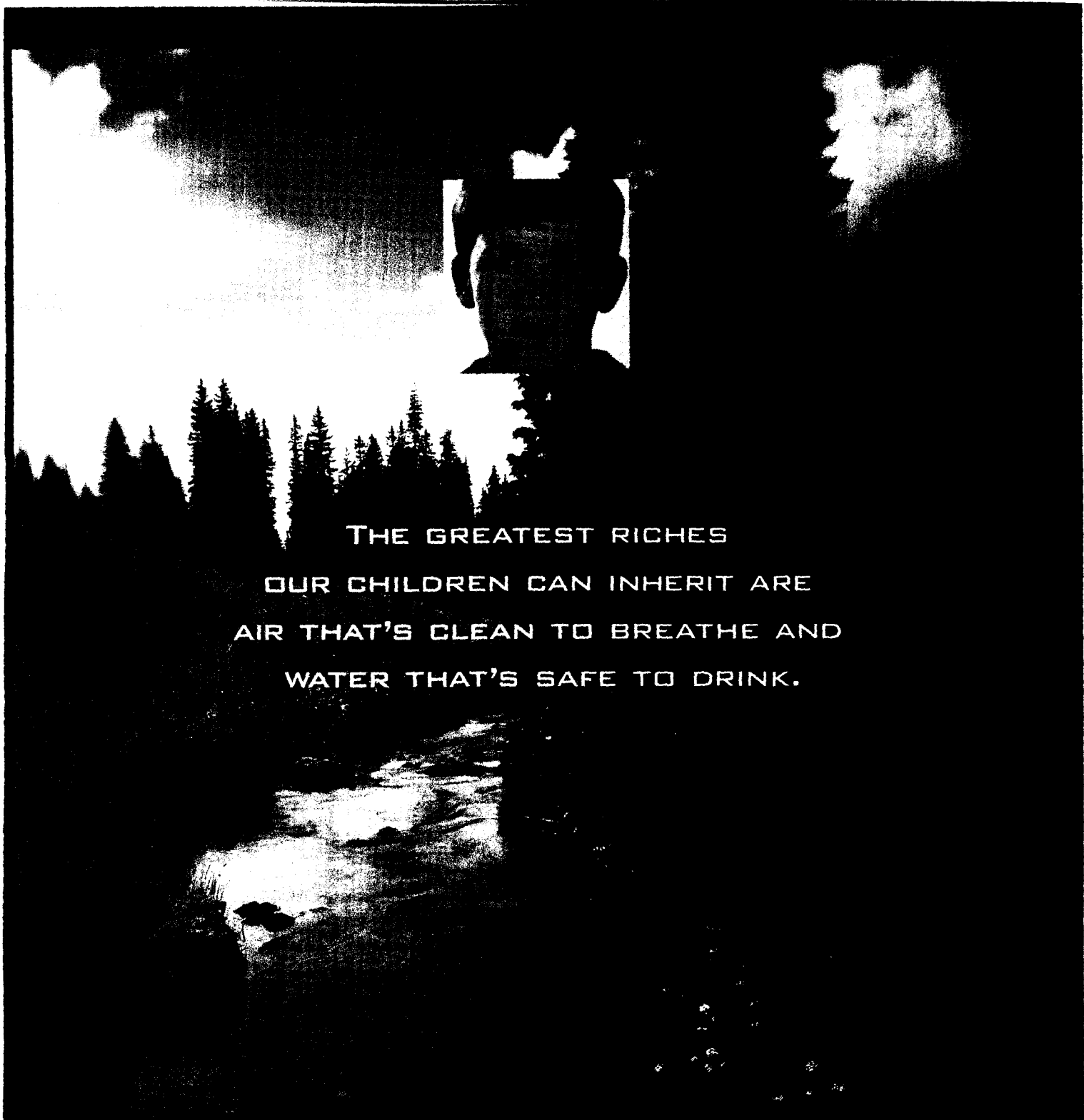

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July 6 issue; printed June 17

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World Wide Web http://www.nationalreview.com
Main Number 212-679-7330
Subscription Inquiries 815-734-1232
Washington Office 202-543-9226
Advertising Sales 212-679-7330
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FROM THE EDITOR

AuH_2O

FOR conservatives of my generation, Barry Goldwater never seemed much of an influence. He lived on the pages of William Rusher's *The Rise of the Right* more vividly than in the Defense Reorganization Act of his final years in the Senate or in the liberal bromides he pronounced from retirement. In this issue, we try to recapture some of the magic of Goldwater—the excitement of 1964, his irascible charm and fearless straight-shooting—in the course of saying good-bye to an old friend.

More attention will be devoted this year to 1968—as the year the liberal "dream" was tragically shattered—but it was 1964 that marked the emergence of the movement that would forever change American politics. Goldwater biographer Lee Edwards smartly marches us through 1964 (page 26), from the days when the Goldwater campaign was only a glimmer in the eyes of Rusher and Clif White to its defeat at the hands of a Johnson White House that couldn't just coast to victory, but had to cheat on the way there (the "Daisy" commercial wasn't enough—LBJ resorted to wiretaps and espionage as well).

Victor Gold, who among other accomplishments held what must have been one of the more thankless jobs in politics (Goldwater's deputy press secretary in '64), gives us an insider's look at a candidate the likes of whom we will never see again (page 33). As Gold reports, Goldwater actively resisted photo opportunities, an obliviousness to the media that is almost impossible to imagine today, when nearly all politicians act as if they were extras in *The Truman Show*.

Our politicians are Teflon-smooth, sport sleek eye-wear—my favorite 1964 campaign button shows just Goldwater's unmistakable, clunky black frames—and even shave their eyebrows (Sen. Richard Lugar did it once to take away their sinister edge). But few of them seem able to attain the essential Goldwater virtue: saying what you mean, consequences be damned. Hell yes, I inhaled. Got a problem with it?

None of this is to suggest that Goldwater lacked charisma; in fact, he proved —*pace* the current occupant of the White House—that charisma and honesty need not be mutually exclusive. WFB gives us a taste of the generosity of Goldwater the man (page 38). Richard Brookhiser explains the bracing effect Goldwater the politician had on the young (page 31), attracted to a candidate who was giving the consensus politics of the Fifties and early Sixties a shattering jolt. Matthew Scully, who reports from the Goldwater funeral in Phoenix (page 41), is a case in point. Goldwater won him over forever on the campaign trail when our correspondent was just five years old.

Goldwater won over the media much, much later. John O'Sullivan discusses how Goldwater went all the way from being a threat to the world's survival—if he had been elected, the Doomsday Clock presumably would have taken a sickening lurch to half past midnight—to a lovable iconoclast (page 40). It's a trick that is not too difficult to pull off, as long as you are "iconoclastic" on the issues that really count for the press: gay rights, abortion, the Christian Right, etc. If another campaign were in the offing, it now seems that Frank Rich would be sorely tempted to vote for Goldwater, whose most important accomplishment apparently was having a gay grandson.

But those later years, of course, are beside the point. It was the Pickett's Charge of 1964 that is Goldwater's legacy. As Edwards writes, Goldwater knew he was going to lose but ran anyway, a courageous effort not just to stand athwart history but to run into it head on. In that losing campaign, he deflected the course of American politics, in ways still felt today.

So, it is not really accurate to say that Goldwater had little influence on today's young conservatives. It was his candidacy that first allowed the conservative movement to flex its muscles in preparation for all that came afterward, from Ronald Reagan to Newt Gingrich and beyond. —RICHARD LOWRY

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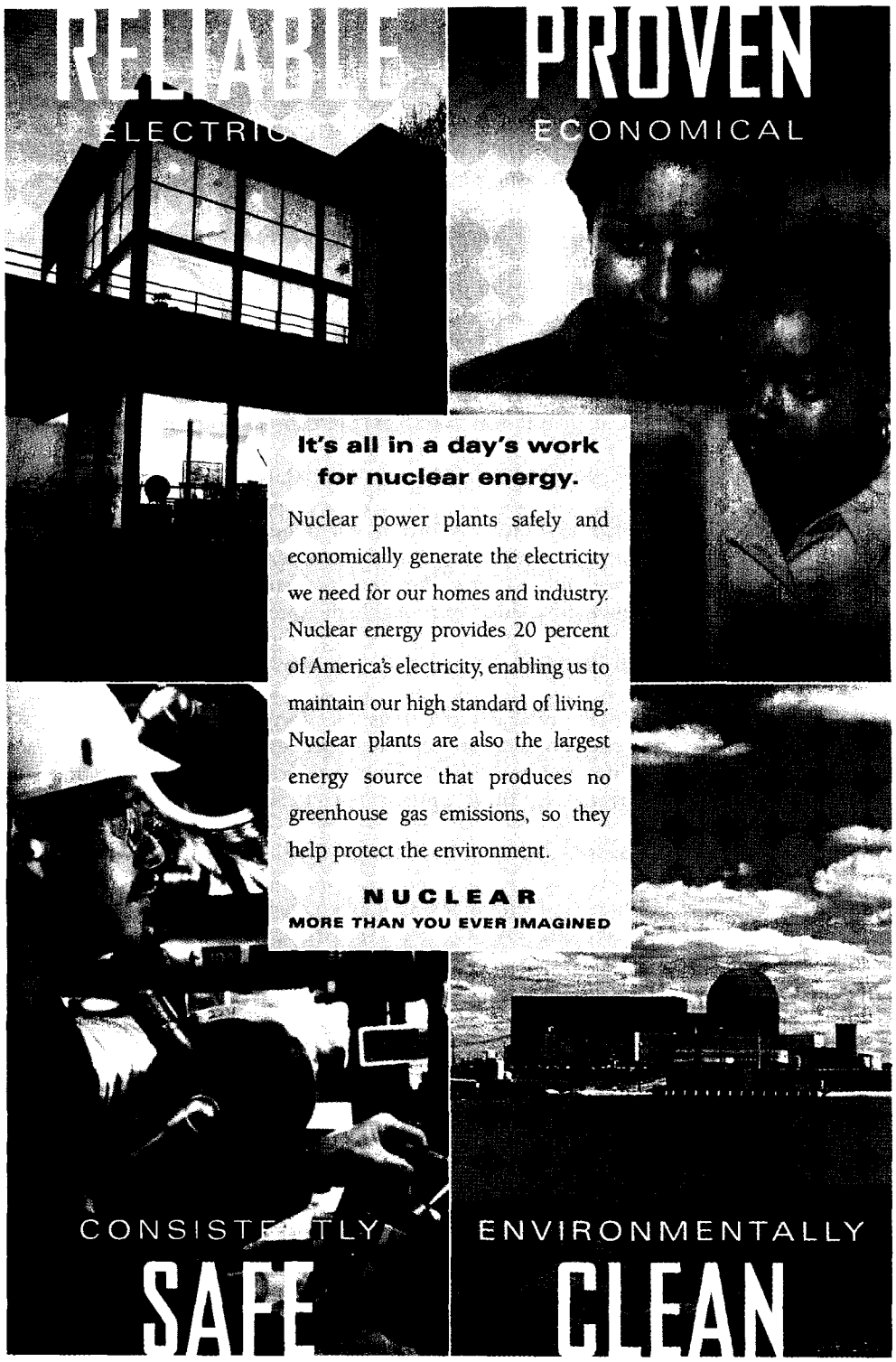

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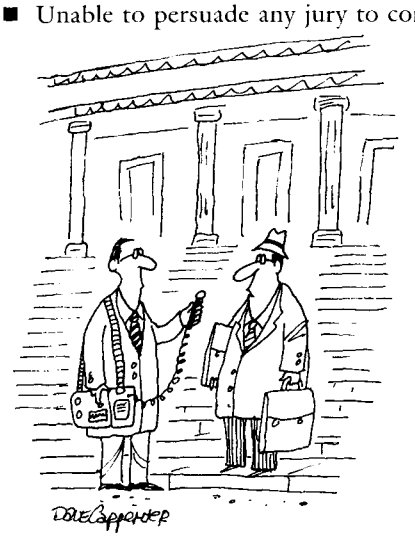
FOR THE RECORD

■ President **Clinton**, in Oregon, blames Hollywood as factor in recent school shootings. Same evening, he raises $800,000 at Beverly Hills fundraiser attended by **Barbra Streisand**, **Sidney Poitier**, and **Jenny McCarthy**. . . . Clinton, signing the highway bill: "The public expects us to act like parents, not politicians." . . . **Gerald Ford**: "Secret Service agents have a responsibility to testify in criminal matters, including those which may involve the President and his associates." . . . **Matt Drudge** to audience of reporters at National Press Club: "If you directed this type of tough questioning to the White House, there'd be no need for someone like me." . . . Job openings on Clinton defense team? In address to New York Law School grads, **Vernon Jordan** urges them to "join a new army of lawyers." . . . Defense Secretary **William Cohen** rejects **Kassebaum** Commission's advice, keeps sexually integrated basic training. . . . Sen. **Daniel Patrick Moynihan** (D., N.Y.) on *Fox News Sunday*: "We're closer to nuclear war than at any time since the Cuban missile crisis." . . . Unnamed White House official quoted in *Washington Times*: "Foreign policy is a pain."

■ Potential GOP 2000 candidates **Lamar Alexander**, **John Ashcroft**, and **Steve Forbes** co-sign National Taxpayers Union letter opposing tobacco tax. . . . "If I run and get the nomination, he would certainly be on my short list" for VP, says Forbes of N.Y. Gov. **George Pataki**. Next day, on **Howard Stern** radio show, Pataki discussed his recipe from college days for putting marijuana in baked beans. . . . **George Stephanopoulos**, asked to give his hunch on who will be GOP nominee, replies: **Dan Quayle**. . . . Boston's proposal to host 2000 Democratic convention calls for housing delegates in Harvard dorms. . . . Sen. **Barbara Boxer** (D., Calif.) sells "Boxer shorts" on campaign website. . . . Sen. **Arlen Specter** (R., Pa.) undergoes heart bypass surgery. . . . CNN/*USA Today* poll: **Elizabeth Dole** nips **Al Gore** 48 to 46 per cent in 2000 race, beats **Hillary Clinton** 55 to 40 per cent. . . . *Ms.* Foundation for Women launches project to elect woman President by 2008, will develop short list.

■ *American Viewpoint* poll: 83 per cent of smokers think tobacco bill supporters more interested in tax revenue than curbing teen smoking. . . . As Congress fights over small tax cuts, **Ron Utt** of Heritage Foundation shows that former House Speaker **Tip O'Neill**'s 1981 tax-cut proposal was worth $1.3 trillion over five years in today's dollars. . . . ABC News political director **Mark Halperin** on conservative TV network America's Voice: "Abortion, gay rights, and guns, which are issues that are very important to a lot of Americans on the conservative side, are probably the three that are the most unbalanced regarding the Washington media." . . . North Carolina General Assembly press corps revokes media credentials of **John Locke** Foundation reporter **Andrew Cline**, and any other "think tank" reporters. . . **Eliot Spitzer**, Democrat running for N.Y. attorney general, uses "true-story" TV ad, but changes juvenile criminal depicted from Hispanic to white. . . . Institute for Religious Values sends letter to Congress signed by Jewish professional women who oppose partial-birth abortion.

■ Unable to persuade any jury to convict violators, Berkeley, Calif., considers reducing penalty for public nudity. . . . Frederick Brewing Company introduces first U.S. beers made from hemp. Selling well in San Francisco market. . . . **Arthur Levine**, president of Teachers College at Columbia University: "After much soul-searching, I have reluctantly concluded that a limited school voucher program is now essential for the poorest Americans attending the worst public schools." . . . Park Service reverses position, agrees to put **Gipper**'s name on road signs leading to **Ronald Reagan** Washington National Airport. Also improves signs leading to final resting place of Confederate Gen. **Stonewall Jackson**'s left arm, amputated following Battle of Chancellorsville seven days before his death. . . . Descendants of Mexican War Veterans (P.O. Box 830482, Richardson, Texas 75083-0482) search for congressional sponsor of plan to build memorial to Mexican War vets. . . . Undersea explorer **Robert Ballard** locates *Yorktown*, hit by torpedo in Battle of Midway, on floor of Pacific. . . . Navy divers recover propeller from sunken ironclad *Monitor*, off North Carolina coast. Public display planned during restoration.



"Sorry, but I didn't have time to prepare any off-the-cuff remarks."

■ Former Prime Minister **Margaret Thatcher** authorizes biography by *Daily Telegraph* editor **Charles Moore**, but insists publication occur only after her death. . . . Belarussian workmen, frustrated by refusal of U.S. Embassy in Minsk to allow utility work on premises, weld shut gate of American Ambassador **Daniel Speckhard**'s home. . . . In bad precedent for current White House occupant, former President **Canaan Sodindo Banana** of Zimbabwe went on trial for charges of sodomy, attempted sodomy, and indecent assault. . . . Italy considers selling Florence's Uffizi Gallery, Rome's Colosseum, and other landmarks to joint private-public companies to help pay off national debt. . . . Peru passes law forbidding use of names deemed "extravagant, irreverent, contrary to public order, or foreign." Banned are **Lenin**, **Carlos**, **Marx**, and **Fidel Castro**, as well as **Johnny**.

■ New York Republicans hold scripted convention, including stage-directed cheerleading. State Sen. **Ray Meier** tells New York *Daily News*: "I love watching the floor manager say, 'Cue the spontaneous demonstration.'"

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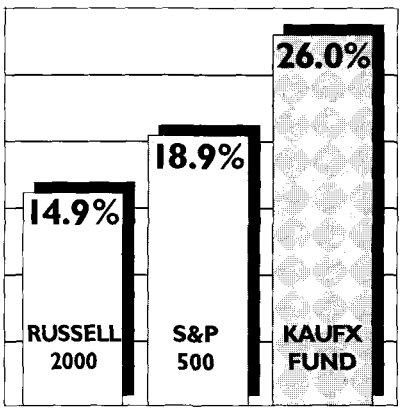

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THE WEEK

■ The President's ex-girlfriends are moving up in the world. It used to be they posed only for *Penthouse*.

■ We know what Monica Lewinsky was thinking when she posed for *Vanity Fair* as Marilyn Monroe, as a fan dancer, and as a cheesecake flag-bearer off the fuselage of a B-29: *Carpe* limelight. But what were her father and William Ginsburg, then her lawyer, who both approved the shoot, thinking? At 24, Miss Lewinsky is free to commit all manner of foolishness. But she is not some wild child going it alone. Mr. Lewinsky and Mr. Ginsburg have stood by her for months. If they could not steer her toward decorum, couldn't they induce to think of self-protection? Or were they also oblivious to modesty and good sense? No wonder patriarchy has a bad name.

■ The McCain tobacco bill, justified on grounds of public health, is looking pretty sickly these days. Conservatives in Congress have been emboldened by polls showing that voters do not worry much about teen smoking and see the bill, rightly, as an excuse to raise taxes. Newt Gingrich told Don Lambro of the *Washington Times*, "It's dead because we won't take it up. There is no chance, none." Senators Gramm, Coverdell, Faircloth, and Gorton should keep trying to remove the bill's worst aspects—the net tax hike, the lawyers' fees—in case it survives. If it fails, it will be up to Republican governors and state legislators to keep the trial lawyers from helping themselves to billions of dollars of other people's money. Their own political health depends on it.

■ Inner-city kids got a boost this month when the Wisconsin Supreme Court ruled that low-income parents participating in Milwaukee's school-choice program could use the vouchers to send their children to church-run schools. Since parents are free to choose any school they wish, secular as well as religious, the court ruled that the program complies with the First Amendment and corresponding state law. As a result the program will expand from its current 1,500 students to 15,000 this fall. The decision is likely to influence cases pending in Arizona, Maine, Ohio, and Vermont. It will also make it harder for opponents of school choice, President Clinton included, to hide behind bogus church–state concerns to protect the status quo. In the meantime, school-choice supporters continue to provide more immediate help for children. The day before the Wisconsin decision, investor Theodore J. Forstmann and Wal-Mart heir John T. Walton unveiled the Children's Scholarship Fund, a $200-million privately funded program that will provide scholarships for fifty thousand children nationwide. Forstmann and Walton pledged $50 million each, which earned them the criticism of American Federation of Teachers president Sandra Feldman. She also called the Wisconsin ruling "unconscionable"—which is a good word to describe those who would trap poor kids in failing schools.

■ Charlton Heston has his work cut out for him as the new president of the National Rifle Association. Gun-control advocates have adopted a sophisticated strategy of demanding seemingly modest and reasonable regulations: banning "assault weapons," for instance, which the public thinks means machine guns (which have been illegal for decades). In fact, the category of "assault weapons" was made up by the gun-control lobby, and such weapons differ from legal guns only in looking scarier. In response, the NRA makes the slippery-slope argument: approve this ban, and more extensive bans will follow. Since anyone knowledgeable about the subject knows these tiny initiatives will have no effect, paving the way for further bans is indeed their only possible motivation. But the slippery-slope argument sounds paranoid, as does the argument, also defensible, that guns protect the right to revolt against tyranny. What might work is to emphasize the now substantial body of research on the effectiveness of guns for self-defense. Mr. Heston's widely reported post-election statement—"Mr. Clinton . . . America doesn't trust you with our 21-year-old daughters, and we sure . . . don't trust you with our guns"—was not calculated to appeal to the broad public. Better to have expressed both sorrow that Mr. Clinton is so misguided on the issue of gun control and hope for a change of heart. Fighting gun control requires careful aim.

■ Since some restrictions have been placed on the use of federal legal-services funds, activist lawyers looked for an-

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other source of money—and found it in state "Interest on Lawyers Trust Accounts" programs. These programs have permitted lawyers across the country to funnel $100 million a year from interest on their clients' accounts—money held in escrow for various purposes—to legal-services programs. The Texas program supports illegal immigrants fighting deportation; the Boston one sued to allow gays to march in the St. Patrick's Day parade. Now the Supreme Court, siding with the conservative Washington Legal Foundation, has ruled that interest on clients' accounts is the clients' property. Of course, the lawyers, being lawyers, will not give up so easily: they are arguing in a lower court that IOLTA programs constitute a *legal* taking of clients' property. However, the court is expected to reject this reasoning and rule that such takings are prohibited by the Fifth Amendment. Whenever it gets harder to take someone else's money, it's bad news for the Left.

■ President Clinton has issued an executive order banning discrimination against homosexuals in federal hiring. Since such discrimination barely exists, his purpose was primarily symbolic and political—part of the campaign to paint moral qualms about homosexual activity as a form of bigotry. The likely results include more quotas and sensitivity training in the federal workplace, and a renewed push in Congress to force these blessings on the private sector. Republicans cannot do much about this, but they can speak out. So far, only Dick Armey has done so (although Trent Lott was willing to state publicly his belief that homosexuality is an affliction like alcoholism, whose sufferers deserve our understanding). When it comes to homosexuality, it is now traditional morality that dare not speak its name.

■ Fares are down and service and safety up since Jimmy Carter deregulated the airlines in 1978—and the Clinton Administration thinks it's time to put a stop to it. The Department of Transportation frets that fare reductions and discount seating could drive out competitors. But there are already laws against such "predatory pricing," and no violations have been found. The proposed price regulations would serve only to remove the one blemish in Carter's otherwise perfect record of policy failure.

■ Vice President Al Gore cited new government studies reporting record high temperatures in the first five months of 1998 as "a reminder once again that global warming is real, and that unless we act, we can expect more extreme weather in the years ahead." But most climatologists attribute the record highs to the warming of the Pacific Ocean by El Niño, not to warmer weather on land. Gore retorts that global warming is "making the effects of El Niño worse." Had Gore consulted the May 28 issue of *Nature*, he would have learned that the El Niños in 1396, 1685–88, 1789–93, and 1877–79 "had effects at least as intense and wide-ranging as those associated with the current event." In other words, the current El Niño is no more intense than those that occurred prior to the widespread use of the internal-combustion engine. El Niño has now passed, and temperatures are expected to be cooler than normal for the rest of the year. No doubt this too will be evidence of global warming.

■ In a notorious Massachusetts sex-abuse case, a Superior Court justice has posthumously acquitted Violet Amirault, ordered a re-trial for Cheryl Amirault, denounced prosecutorial abuses (by, among others, the Democratic candidate for governor, Scott Harshbarger), and ruled that testimony coerced from child witnesses is "forever tainted" and cannot be used in any re-trial. (A third defendant, Gerald Amirault, convicted on this evidence, remains in prison.) Much of the credit for this belated attempt at justice belongs to Dorothy Rabinowitz of the *Wall Street Journal*, who kept the shameful facts before the public while the rest of the press joined in the sex-abuse hysteria. She was also the first writer to draw national attention to the false conviction of Kelly Michaels by a New Jersey court that a kangaroo would have sniffed at. If Miss Rabinowitz were not a conservative, she would have received a couple of Pulitzers by now. Instead, media approval goes to Attorney General Janet Reno despite her role in the Eighties version of Salem. Last month, a court overturned the sex-abuse conviction of Grant Snowden, a decorated Miami police officer, after 12 years in jail. He was one of several victims whom Miss Reno railroaded with the standard allegations coerced out of child witnesses. Yet neither press nor television mentioned Miss Reno when Snowden's conviction was overturned. Apparently the only "out-of-control" prosecutor the media care about is Ken Starr.

■ Vermont is laboring under "Act 60," which redistributes tax money from richer ("gold") towns to poorer towns to "equalize" educational opportunity, and longtime liberal Democrat John Irving (author of *The World According to Garp*) is not going to take it any more. Irving is starting a private grade school in his own "gold" town, Dorset. If that doesn't work, he will leave Vermont, where he has lived for 25 years. He complains, "There's a

Monica Poses

When Clinton's cutting service sent
Those pictures to the President,
The sinking feeling must have been
What tenors feel in Lohengrin
When Elsa stomps in to protest
Rhine maidens on the dock, undressed.

W. H. von Dreele

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minority which is an open target in this country, which no one protects, and that's the rich people." Welcome, Mr. Irving, to the world according to liberal Democrats.

■ A conference of 132 nations in Rome is haggling over creation of a permanent international court to try war criminals worldwide. It would take the place of the ad-hoc tribunals set up lately for Bosnia and Rwanda. The State Department is hailing the idea as a great advance for mankind; the Pentagon is in open revolt, fearing a Third World–driven, unaccountable institution that will sooner or later go after the American GIs who do so much of the world's dirty work in defense of freedom. If the U.S. had a real veto over the court's jurisdiction, the risks might be manageable. But the Administration is under intense pressure to dilute its veto. Senators Jesse Helms and John Ashcroft promise that the treaty will never receive Senate ratification. Not that such constitutional niceties will keep the Administration from trying to implement it.

■ Indonesia—the world's fourth most populous country and a key energy producer—could be taken for granted by Americans for 32 years. Its leader, Suharto, was an unconditional friend of the United States and a force for regional security. Now, as China looms larger, a stable and friendly Indonesia is more important than ever. Suharto clearly stayed too long; his regime stagnated in corruption. But Indonesia's political opening could be captured by radical nationalist or Islamist forces far less friendly to us. We should withhold our applause until we have seen the next act.

■ Three years ago, Pauline Hanson, Australia's most famous fish-and-chip–shop owner, was elected to the Australian parliament as an independent. Then she founded the One Nation party to oppose high levels of immigration and government policies favoring the aborigines, and to defend the country's "Anglo-Saxon heritage." One Nation just won 24 per cent of the vote in state elections in Queensland. Liberal (i.e., conservative) Prime Minister John Howard may now have second thoughts about holding a national election this year. Other second thoughts are also in order. Miss Hanson's political progress is the latest example of a consistent political trend throughout the First World. Conservative parties that concentrate on economic appeals and neglect the electorate's anxieties over social fragmentation not only lose elections; they also midwife the birth of third parties on their right, which appeal to these anxieties in far cruder terms. This has also recently happened in France, Italy, Austria, New Zealand, Denmark, and the former East Germany. American Republicans still have time to escape this electoral trap—but not much. Somewhere a hamburger-flipper with an American flag on his lapel is dreaming great dreams.

■ Australia observed its first official "Sorry Day," marking the country's attempt to apologize en masse to its once-oppressed aborigines. While Prime Minister John Howard refused to apologize for the actions of previous governments, he did extend his "personal regrets." What's the difference, assuming that Mr. Howard never personally oppressed a Native Australian? Or is it insensitive to ask? Sorry.

■ James Byrd Jr.'s family and pastor wanted him to be remembered as a dutiful son and brother rather than as a symbol of America's racism. Yet as soon as the news of his brutal murder became known, the nation's hearse-chasers descended on the small Texas town of Jasper. "[W]e can ill afford to have what has happened here happen any place else across this land," explained Transportation Secretary Rodney Slater. This suggests that Byrd's cruel death was not an isolated crime but a symptom of a wider, if sometimes more subtle, climate of American racial hatred. But the details of the murder did not justify such stereotypical suspicions. It seems likely that Byrd was murdered by three ex-convicts—the kind of drunken drifters who kill innocent Americans every Saturday night with or without racial motives. Their white supremacism was apparently picked up not in Southern towns, but in prisons, where racial gangs of all kinds flourish. Jasper has a population that is 40 per cent black, a black mayor, and no recent record of racial crimes. If a political moral must be drawn, it is that we need longer prison sentences. Nor should "hate crimes" necessarily attract more severe penalties: murder is murder no matter what the social attitudes of the perpetrators. Let us join Mr. Byrd's family in praying that his agony was short and that he now rests in the arms of the Savior of us all.

■ Superman is lucky to be alive. Lying in a hospital bed, "unconscious and immobile" after severely injuring his spinal cord in a riding accident, Christopher Reeve was given a slim chance to live. In his memoirs, Reeve tells how his mother, understandably distraught, "began arguing strenuously that the doctors should pull the plug" because "she simply could not stand the thought of my living in such a terrible condition." As Reeve has become able to direct movies and make speeches, his mother must be grateful that there were people willing to argue with her attempts at mercy.

■ Shirley Povich has died at 92 and joins the pantheon of great sports writers, including Grantland Rice, Red Smith, and Allison Danzig, practitioners of a genre that descends from Homer. For some seventy years Povich appeared in the *Washington Post*, and his story, as he tells it in *No Cheering in the Press Box*, had a magical quality. Born into a poor Jewish family in the millionaires' resort of Bar Harbor, Maine, Povich as a boy caddied at the local club. There he became the indispensable caddy for multimillionaire Edward "Ned" McLean. At the end of one summer, McLean unofficially adopted young Povich, taking him on his private train to Washington, where Povich almost immediately found himself caddying for a

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What Are The 'Crazies' At Colleges Teaching Students Now?

What Every Citizen Needs To Know:

- **A St. Cloud State University professor (MN) is teaching students that B-52 Air Force pilots and executives at the Honeywell Corporation should be compared with murderers.**
- **An Indiana University Professor received a $417,402 federal grant to fund his college text which complains that "crack users are not understood by policy makers" and "have been vilified by the media."**
- **At colleges and universities across America, professors are using a textbook that tells students "men who love underaged youth" are "the victims of a savage and undeserved witchhunt."**
- **Students at the finest schools are being taught that Africans discovered America . . . that marriage is the equivalent of slavery . . . and that Lincoln was gay.**

Who's Reading Your 'Secret' Course Evaluations? . . . . . Page 7

CampusReport

UC-Santa Cruz Conference Exposes Students to Hard-Core Porn

Student Recounts NYU's Harassment

Inside

Is the above unusual? It's just the *beginnning* of what you'll read in Campus Report. Today anything-goes sex advocates . . . still-angry 1960's agitators . . . history rewriters etc. are firmly entrenched as professors at colleges and universities and are routinely spewing venom on America, undermining student morality, fostering racial discord, ridiculing capitalism, and censoring ideas.

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foursome including President Harding on a private golf course McLean had built for the President near the White House. Povich remembers that on an early hole the Secret Service began rolling out gin-and-tonics for the foursome (nuts to Prohibition); the young caddy thought: This is the way to play golf—your own course, your own trees, your own Secret Service, your own gin-and-tonics. After sending Povich through Georgetown, McLean installed him at the *Post*, which he owned. The rest is greatness. RIP.

■ In an interview in *The Economist*, Toni Morrison voiced her opinion that American blacks "have no nation, no language. No sense that we have existed within historical time." She also noted that "blacks introduced the public schools system in [America]"—presumably along with their other contributions to Western civilization: mathematics, Greek philosophy, the music of Beethoven, etc. This makes for more intriguing fiction than anything Mrs. Morrison has written in a novel lately.

■ In case you were wondering . . . Monica Lewinsky's hair styled with L'Oreal Studio Line Senses the Shiny Look. All makeup from L'Oreal. On her eyes, Soft Effects Eyecolour in Lily and Le Grand Curl Mascara in Black; on her lips, Rouge Pulp Liquid Lipcolour in—of course—Passionate.

■ Democrats complain that the Starr investigation costs $30,000 a day merely for office space. That and $20,000 will get you a cup of coffee at the White House.

■ Comedian George Carlin, on the possibility of nuclear war between India and Pakistan: "The wonderful part is, a lot of these people believe in reincarnation, so there's no risk."

Broken China

NOT SINCE the controversy over U.S.–Soviet détente has an Administration so lost control over its foreign policy. Domestic support for Mr. Clinton's China policy has collapsed. Détente at least had a few articulate defenders who deserved respect. The Clinton Administration's policy—reeking of amateurism—doesn't even have that. A case can certainly be made that the U.S. should not treat China as an enemy. But Mr. Clinton has not made it.

This Administration came into office championing human rights as the central issue in U.S.–China relations; then it backed off, rightly deciding in 1994 to keep normal (so-called "most-favored-nation") trade relations with China. Then it started a "strategic dialogue" with China that dwelled on peripheral, trendy issues like the environment, narcotics, terrorism, etc. Mr. Clinton spent one of his early meetings with Chinese President Jiang Zemin elaborating on the dangerous automobile emissions that China would face once it allowed private cars.

Dialogue is not a bad idea: China has shown itself to be a force for stability in Asia amid the regional economic crisis. A serious discussion would focus on stabilizing the India–Pakistan nuclear balance, avoiding a blow-up on the Korean peninsula, and averting the use of force in the Taiwan Straits.

But none of this justifies Mr. Clinton's kowtowing to China by attending a welcoming ceremony on blood-stained Tiananmen Square and agreeing not to visit Japan while in Asia. Still more appalling was his June 11 speech on China policy, which not only went on and on about the usual policy trivia, but trafficked in a spurious moral equivalence. Since America has "never succeeded in perfectly realizing our ideals here at home," he said, we should show "humility" on the subject of human rights. As if America could be equated with a regime that under Chairman Mao killed between forty and eighty million of its own people.

China's military buildup and aspirations for regional leadership will inevitably pose a problem for us as the defender of regional security and freedom. But it is a looming strategic problem, not a present one. Dealing with it will require tighter export-control laws, higher defense spending—and geopolitical thinking. Which is to say that it will require a new Administration.

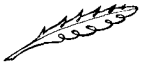
In Plain English

PROPOSITION 227, which essentially ends bilingual education in California, was loudly advertised as a pro-immigrant measure which could not be "racialized" by its opponents—i.e. made into a test of ethnic loyalty for Hispanics. Indeed, because Hispanic parents wanted their children to learn English in order to assimilate to American culture, it would gain a majority of Hispanic votes. Thus, its author, software entrepreneur Ron Unz, would win two victories: the first over sup-

Mr. Lungren, Please Note

There's nothing like immersion
To soak up language skills;
It worked when Grandpa landed,
And though some suffered chills
When teacher dunked them under,
Those leaving Ellis for
Cold-turkey English sessions
Soon owned the candy store.

W. H. VON DREELE



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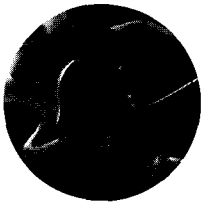

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From There to Here

The "there" began at NATIONAL REVIEW
When Bill, athwart the Zeitgeist, hollered "Stop!";
While Burke, exhumed to harass and halloo,
Soon had the Left hip-hopping for a mop.
The Beltway seemed to wobble like a top
Whose spin, suggestive of decline and fall,
Made Rockefeller's tummy hiss and pop
As Jacob Javits tongued a last "Recall."
Though Barry, then the Gipper, led the ball,
Today, stags bearing punch make Mama wince
And plain Janes stiffen, fanning near the wall:
What Cinderella's seeking is a prince.
So, with the "here" now here, one has to wonder
Who'll hurl the lightning and direct the thunder.

W. H. VON DREELE

porters of bilingual education, the second over "nativist" advocates of lower immigration worried that Hispanics are not assimilating.

It did not turn out that way. The initiative passed with more than 60 per cent of the vote—the good news—but exit polls showed that only 37 per cent of Hispanic voters supported the measure. That is a mere 6 percentage points above the proportion of Hispanic voters who in 1994 voted for Proposition 187, which Mr. Unz and his allies at the *Wall Street Journal* editorial page opposed as anti-immigrant and sure to alienate Hispanics.

Mr. Unz had sought to buy off ethnic opposition by salting Proposition 227 with subsidies to groups that supposedly help Hispanics assimilate. He failed—and may have sown problems for the future. Given the record of one such group, Hermanidad (which helped to steal Bob Dornan's congressional seat for Loretta Sanchez), it is only too likely that political campaigns to racialize other political issues will be funded by public money under 227.

Republicans, already nervous over losing Hispanic support, will be tempted to become even more aloof from these issues. So far there has been a resounding silence from the GOP congressional leadership in Washington on both 227's success and the court challenge to it. In New Jersey, Governor Christine Todd Whitman *expanded* bilingual-education programs the day after 227 was passed. And in California, GOP gubernatorial candidate Dan Lungren actually opposed 227.

Such timidity is misplaced. Though it seems to have escaped the GOP's notice, Propositions 187, 209 (the California Civil Rights Initiative), and 227 all won healthy majorities. Indeed, they won by landslides among whites, who gave 227 over two-thirds of their votes. Unfortunately, these votes also indicated a cultural gulf between whites on the one hand, and Hispanics and other minorities on the other hand—but not an unbridgeable one. Even though the propositions were racialized, substantial minorities of Hispanics continued to support them. Many Hispanics have been thoroughly assimilated and are resistant to such ethnic appeals.

Voting Republican is an expression of this assimilation—depending on its overall popularity, the GOP wins between one-fifth and one-third of the national Hispanic vote. The way to increase that percentage is to hasten the full assimilation of Hispanics into the American nation—and to ensure that the rightward movement of assimilated Hispanics is not canceled out by the arrival of large numbers of new immigrants. The net effect of our current policies against assimilation (including high immigration) is to increase greatly the number of unassimilated Hispanics who are vulnerable to ethnic political appeals and economic bribes—and are thus natural recruits for the Democratic coalition.

Continuing these policies would condemn the GOP to growing irrelevance, first in California, then in the nation, as the American party in a Balkanized country. Trying to reverse them would certainly provoke racialized campaigns in opposition but would probably win enough support in the whole electorate to triumph at the polls.

Alas, some on the Right have at times abetted the racialization of these questions. In a premature celebration, a *Wall Street Journal* editorial assumed majority Hispanic support for 227 and welcomed it as "a rebuke to those nativist conservatives who want to build a Buchanan fence to keep out anyone with a brown complexion." As almost all polls have shown, the "nativist" supporters of immigration reform at present include majorities of Hispanics, of immigrants, and of Hispanic immigrants, some of whom doubtless have brown skin themselves. The *Journal*'s racial grandstanding serves only to diminish their support for reform. Or is that the point?

Courting Trouble

SUPREME Court Justice John Paul Stevens may be considering stepping down at the end of this term, as Paul Gigot first reported in the *Wall Street Journal*. He should stay. Justice Stevens was appointed to the Court in the immediate aftermath of Watergate, and he wrote the decision allowing Paula Jones's case against the President to proceed. He of all people should appreciate the imprudence of starting the confirmation process now, when the Court might very well have to rule on whether President Clinton may defy a subpoena.

If Justice Stevens retires, Senate Republicans will face a dilemma. The White House might well nominate a Hispanic for the first time ever, and, as Gigot writes, some Republicans are so spooked about Hispanic voters that they "would vote to confirm Geraldo Rivera." Judge Sonia Sotomayor, although liberal, would be particularly difficult to oppose since George Bush appointed her. All

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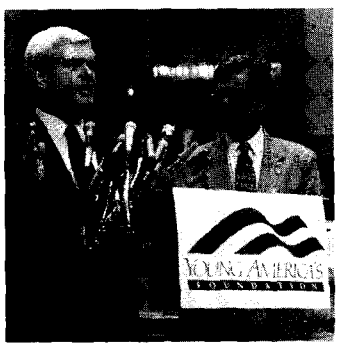

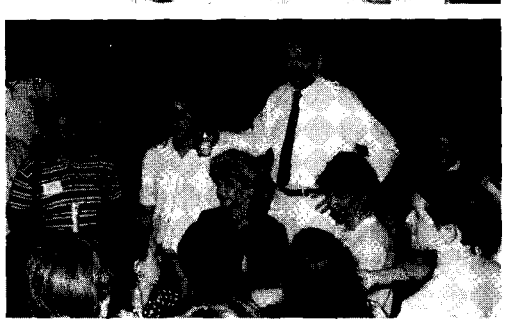

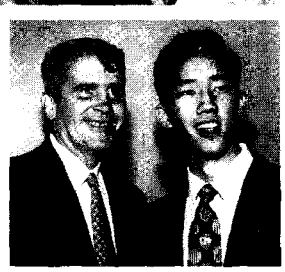

"When you have people like Bill Bennett and Newt Gingrich and Dick Armey who are willing to come out and identify with you and encourage you and praise the work that you're doing, it's inspiring!"
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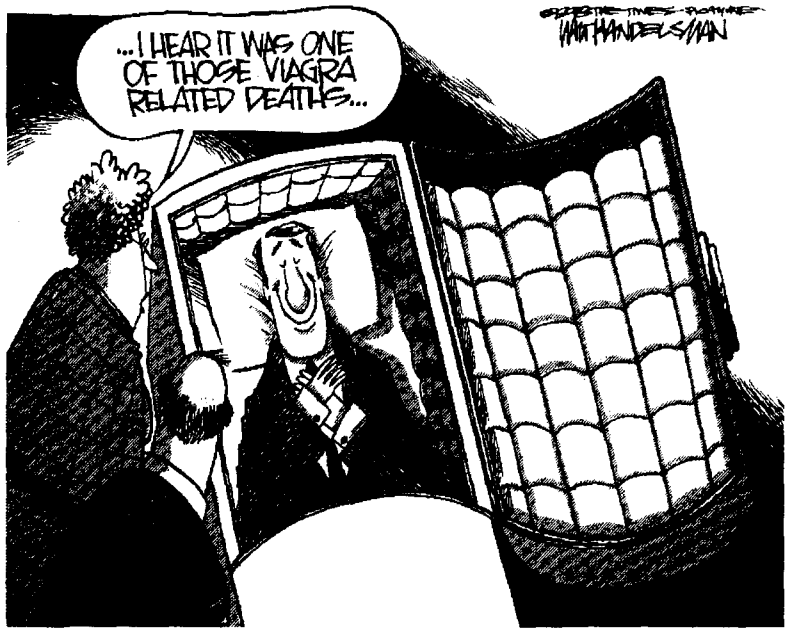

the more reason to block her elevation, now pending, to the Second Circuit Court of Appeals. Some white males would pose a problem, too: former Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell would probably sail through confirmation hearings faster than you can say "judicial activism."

For Republicans to acquiesce in the solidification of a center–left majority on the Court would be a political as well as a constitutional mistake. They are staying silent even as courts blithely dismantle the partial-birth abortion laws passed by many states. Yet the more the courts cordon off such issues from the terrain of normal politics, the more social conservatives will abandon it for the comforts of home or the wilder shores of radicalism. Either way, the Republican majority is jeopardized.

Republicans should worry more about that than about a weak President's attacks on them. Powerless to push almost any aspect of his agenda, Bill Clinton is in no position to demand anything. He will say that presidential nominees deserve senatorial deference as long as they are qualified. But in an era in which the Supreme Court has expanded its powers far beyond its legitimate authority, a commitment to reining it in is the most important qualification of all. Until the Court withdraws from the political arena, it cannot be shielded from political battles.

The Stakes in Kosovo

SERBIA'S Kosovo province was always understood to be the most dangerous tinderbox of the former Yugoslavia, with the greatest potential for embroiling several neighboring states in a large-scale international war. The West has a major interest in heading off such a disaster in Europe. Thus, President George Bush, even while leery of intervention in Bosnia, warned Serbian dictator Slobodan Milosevic in 1992 to desist from "ethnic cleansing" in Kosovo, the population of which is 90 per cent Muslim Albanians.

No such sharp warning came from Bill Clinton, and Milosevic saw an opening this spring to seize total control of the province and "cleanse" it. Tens of thousands of Kosovars have been driven from their homes. A Muslim guerrilla force (the Kosovo Liberation Army) has sprung up, determined on independence. The U.S. is now trying, mostly in vain, to organize effective Western economic sanctions against Serbia, and NATO is contemplating military action.

The most sensible compromise remains restoration of Kosovo's former autonomy within Serbia. But even if this objective is still attainable (which is not certain), the major powers will have difficulty reaching a consensus on how to achieve it. A NATO plan to seal off the Kosovo–Albania border would only help Milosevic by shielding him from Albanian intervention. Another idea is the "demonstration" air exercises that NATO conducted in Macedonia and Albania, to scare Milosevic while avoiding any real military action. How typical; how feckless.

A serious plan to stop Milosevic at this late stage will mean a major NATO military intervention, with a significant U.S. combat commitment, a diplomatic crisis with Russia, and other costs. If we are not prepared for this, the time to find out is now. As with Bosnia, held together just barely by the precarious Dayton accords, even the desired outcome in Kosovo will mean a delicate multiethnic arrangement sustainable in the long run only by the sheer weight of American military power. Intervening on the cheap is a formula for quagmire.

Back to Brazil

AS recently as twenty years ago, the World Cup was a small item on American sports pages. But now, like starlings, kudzu, and other imported pests, soccer just keeps spreading.

Soccer is problematic enough in its home countries. At its best (which in recent times has meant: in Brazil) it is a midfield game of great finesse. But in Britain, it has become the catalyst for brutish lower-class outbursts, undoing 150 years of Victorian social conditioning, while in Spanish-speaking Latin America, it is the cause of murders, riots, and actual wars.

Soccer has caught on in the United States for two reasons, both bad. It is easy to teach tiny children, who can't manage anything more than running and kicking. (They do that so badly that the soccer moms increasingly insist on not keeping score.) It is also a pet of liberal sports writers. Sports are like slang, spices, and manners—every nation has its own, and their nuances can't easily be learned by outsiders. Soccer, as denatured as the Euro, is the perfect overclass entertainment.

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National games do not merely keep foreigners at bay; they bind a nation together. What, besides football, links small towns in Texas and in Pennsylvania? What, besides basketball, causes frenzies in rural Indiana and in Brooklyn? The country that plays together stays together.

For many years, "the World Series" was a paradoxical monicker: until the Blue Jays and the Expos, all the teams were American. But the name encapsulated a deeper wisdom. It was the championship in the only world that mattered, between the centerfield wall and home plate, in Anyplace, U.S.A. Let Brazil enjoy soccer's beauties. We'll keep the pick and roll, the halfback option, and the double play.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ To: Lee Edwards
The Heritage Foundation
Washington, D.C.

Dear Lee: It is a coincidence that I had just finished reading the manuscript of your mammoth book when word came in from Phoenix. It is a remarkable job, all the more so coming so soon after your biography of Goldwater. I sent your ms. immediately to Rich Lowry, who agreed, and so we have a good one-year scoop on your fine book, *From Movement to Majority*. I'm sorry Barry won't be seeing it. Warmest, ever, Bill

■ Dear Bill,

A very interesting column you had this morning, suggesting a visit to President Clinton like the one that John Rhodes, Hugh Scott, and Barry Goldwater made to President Nixon on August 7, 1974, to urge his resignation, which, you suggest, prompted his doing so two days later. Just a couple of historical quibbles.

August 7 was a Wednesday. When he arrived at his office that morning, RN had on his desk, as he had requested the previous day, the first draft of his resignation speech. Attached to it was the following cover memo from me:

August 7, 1994

MEMORANDUM FOR: THE PRESIDENT
FROM: RAY PRICE
SUBJECT: RESIGNATION SPEECH

A first draft is attached. I'll be working on additional thoughts for it.

As I believe you know, I think this has become a sad but necessary decision in the circumstances. But I do hope you'll leave office as proud of your accomplishments here as I am proud to have been associated with you, and to have been and remain a friend. God bless you; and He will.

During that day—the 7th—we worked back and forth on the speech from our respective EOB offices a few doors apart. During the afternoon—well before his scheduled 5:00 meeting with Congressman Rhodes and Senators Scott and Goldwater (Rhodes and Scott were then the Minority Leaders of the House and Senate, respectively)—I met with him. He had already scrawled on his copy of my original draft, "I have met with leaders of House and Senate, including my strongest supporters in both parties. They have unanimously advised me that because of the Watergate matter I do not and will not have support in the Congress for difficult decisions affecting peace abroad, and our fight against inflation at home so essential to the lives of every family in America."

He didn't need a delegation to deliver the message. He already knew that the battle in Congress was lost; and impeachment, after all, is a political act, not a judicial act. He had made his decision. But the framers of the Constitution, in making impeachment a political act, had deliberately made it a difficult action. As he explained to me that afternoon, hearing out their message in person was one of several measures he would take in an effort to mitigate the precedent his short-circuiting of the impeachment procedure would have on future Presidencies. He didn't want to put the country through the protracted trauma of a trial in the Senate, or to leave the still-fragile world without authoritative U.S. leadership in that crucial period. But as a matter of constitutional precedent, he told me then, "One thing that is very important is basically a recognition that this *is* an impeachment."

Later, a few minutes before his 5:00 meeting with Rhodes, Scott, and Goldwater, he called and asked me to leave the next draft of the resignation speech—which of course would include my edited version of his scrawl about the advice he knew they would give—on the footstool in front of his reading chair by 7:00. We continued reworking it overnight and the next day, including a series of late-night and early-morning phone calls, and at 9:00 P.M. Thursday, August 8, he went on television from the Oval Office to announce to the nation that he would resign effective at noon on Friday, August 9.

I fought the Watergate battle alongside President Nixon because I believed then, and still believe, that we were on the right side of what our opposition, despite their pious protestations to the contrary, were pursuing from the outset as a political lynching aimed at reversing the results of the 1972 election. When, at the end, he concluded, on his own, that resignation was necessary, he orchestrated it in a way carefully designed to help heal the country's wounds and do the least constitutional harm. Those who have invested their professional reputations in the devil theory of Richard Nixon would, of course, scoff at this. To most of us who knew him well—in my case, for the last 27 years of his life—it's not surprising at all.

All best,
Ray
[Raymond K. Price Jr.]

Dear Ray: Thanks for an important clarification. Bill
—WFB

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CAPITAL SCENE

Pre-Season of Discontent

RAMESH PONNURU

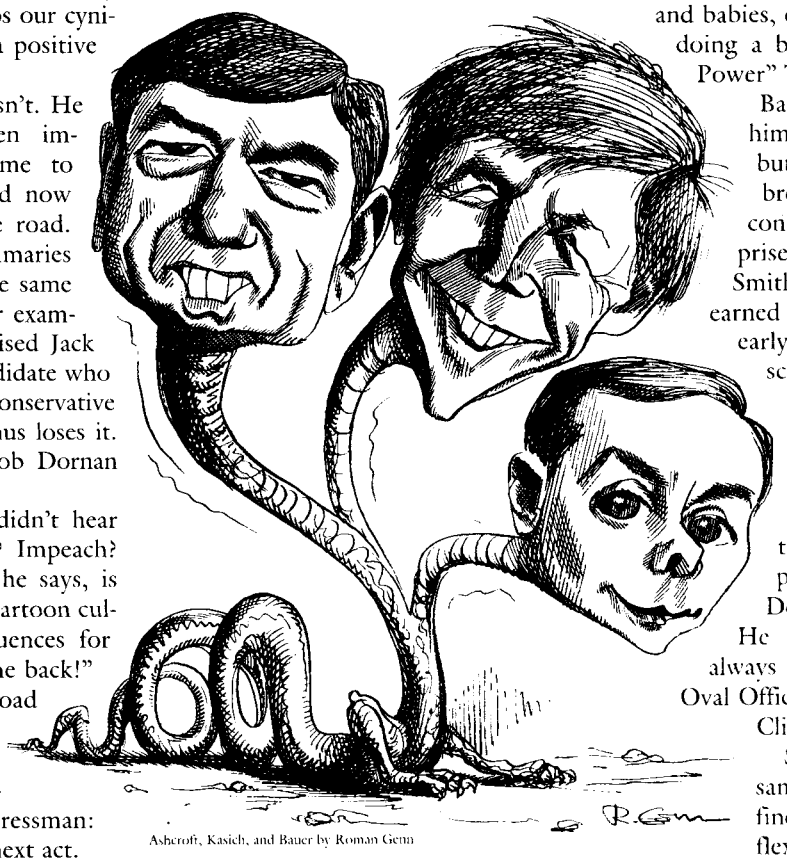
CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA

NOBODY is sure why Marc Racicot is here. Unlike the other nine speakers who have come to "the City of Five Seasons," the Montana governor isn't auditioning for the White House. He's at the Iowa GOP's "First-in-the-Nation Gala" to learn, he says. He seems like a parody of a politician. He wants to "deal with difficult questions and move in positive directions." No easy questions for him! Several reporters tell me later that they found him thoughtful. Perhaps our cynical press corps is moving in a positive direction.

Rep. Bob Barr (R., Ga.) isn't. He was for impeachment when impeachment wasn't cool—come to think of it, it still isn't—and now he's taking the show on the road. Republican presidential primaries are endless productions of the same play with new actors. So, for example, Phil Gramm in '96 reprised Jack Kemp's role in '88 as the candidate who takes the support of the conservative movement for granted and thus loses it. Barr is trying out for the Bob Dornan role: the Clinton scold.

He opens his speech, "I didn't hear the I-word out there, did I? Impeach? Yes, sir! Yes, sir!" Clinton, he says, is like Wile E. Coyote: "In his cartoon culture, there were no consequences for your actions. You always came back!" (Actually, Clinton is the Road Runner, smug and safe.) The audience's reaction to this cartoon candidate is subdued. Read ahead, Mr. Congressman: Dornan loses his seat in the next act.

Barr has no monopoly on antipathy to Clinton at the Five Seasons Convention Center. Every speaker has his favorite Clinton crime. For Steve Forbes, it's the nine hundred FBI files pilfered by "political thugs." Alan Keyes says Clinton should cancel his trip to China until we know which country he's working for. This kind of anti-Clintonism has a way of sliding into pessimism, as when Barr refers to "these dark days," or Sen. Bob Smith (R., N.H.) says that America today resembles the *Titanic* more than the *Mayflower*. Rightly or wrongly, Americans don't feel that gloomy, and not just because of the economy. Crime rates, welfare rolls, and abortion rates are down, too.



Ashcroft, Kasich, and Bauer by Roman Genn

Yet the party's Clintonization is also on display. Gov. Racicot wants us to start "caring, really caring for" and "listening, really listening to each other." Missouri Sen. John Ashcroft, his wife beaming over his shoulder, says, "I run things in my house, okay? I run the vacuum cleaner and I run the dishwasher." Ohio Rep. John Kasich says that Clinton's trip to Tiananmen Square "sends a very confusing signal . . . to the young kids of our country."

The anti-China campaign appears to have won over grass-roots conservatives, and social conservative activists regard it as an effective organizing tool. Sen. Ashcroft's attack on China's "Most-Favored-Nation status" was perhaps the biggest applause line of the night.

The issue's importance to social conservatives largely reflects the efforts of Gary Bauer. He gave the last speech, a serious speech on serious topics, and so the clapping was restrained. Abortion on demand, a degraded culture, an amoral and commercialist foreign policy—all this puts "America in danger of being judged as much less than a great, great nation." Bauer is serious about running, too. His PAC has raised $4 million in twenty months, and mainly from small donors (which increases federal matching funds). His reception—the one with the largest number of young parents and babies, of course—seemed to be doing a brisk business in "Bauer Power" T-shirts.

Bauer's organization gives him a base in every state, but he'll have a hard time breaking out of the social-conservative pack. The surprise of the night was Sen. Smith, a very long shot, who earned the crowd's applause early and often. He was schmaltzy: "I don't want to get in your face on abortion, I want to get in your heart on abortion." He was hardline: nobody else attacked the UN or promised to abolish the Department of Education. He was ribald: Reagan always put on his jacket in the Oval Office. "Compare that to Bill Clinton."

Sen. Ashcroft is in the same pack. His speech was fine, but his big issues—flextime and the marriage penalty are two—aren't enough to fuel a national campaign. In the afternoon, a reporter asks him about cigarette taxes: he says they're unfair, but he raised them as a governor. He sputtered, and then sputtered some more. He had bet-

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ter work on it: there's a lot more where that came from.

Keyes isn't exactly running for President; he's showing up for work, and the primaries are his workplace. His extemporaneous speeches are a form of performance art. There's nothing like being screamed at by someone with whom you already agree.

He appears to be making a mission of attacking Forbes: "I'm not interested in phonies," he says at the press conference. "Steve Forbes represents one of the primary efforts . . . to pull the wool

There's nothing like being screamed at by someone with whom you already agree.

over our eyes." When Keyes says that his views have some weight with social conservatives, his boast is also a threat. Forbes insists that he has been "absolutely consistent" on social issues and claims that social-conservative leaders are adopting his incremental approach. Neither statement is entirely false.

Forbes got this race off to an early start in 1997. In 18 months he has made 58 radio ads, 4 TV ads, and 271 speeches and has issued 130 press releases. He's compiling a longer record than many politicians, and without having to cast votes or deal with legislators. He speaks first tonight, and is well received even though he has said, in Iowa, that he would phase out ethanol subsidies. (Shades of Barry Goldwater in Tennessee.) One begins to detect a bit of overconfidence in the Forbes camp. Still, anyone else who wants to lead the Right in 2000 has to knock him off first.

Can John Kasich? His speech tonight shows his flaws without his strengths. It's uncharacteristically flat, and his streams of consciousness are more rapid than deep. He saw a family making sandwiches, he tells us, and it reminded him of his youth, and they should get a tax cut so they can go to a restaurant instead, but Washington elites stand in the way, and we should all be like his friend—"some would call him mentally retarded"—who shines shoes in a hospital and gave it

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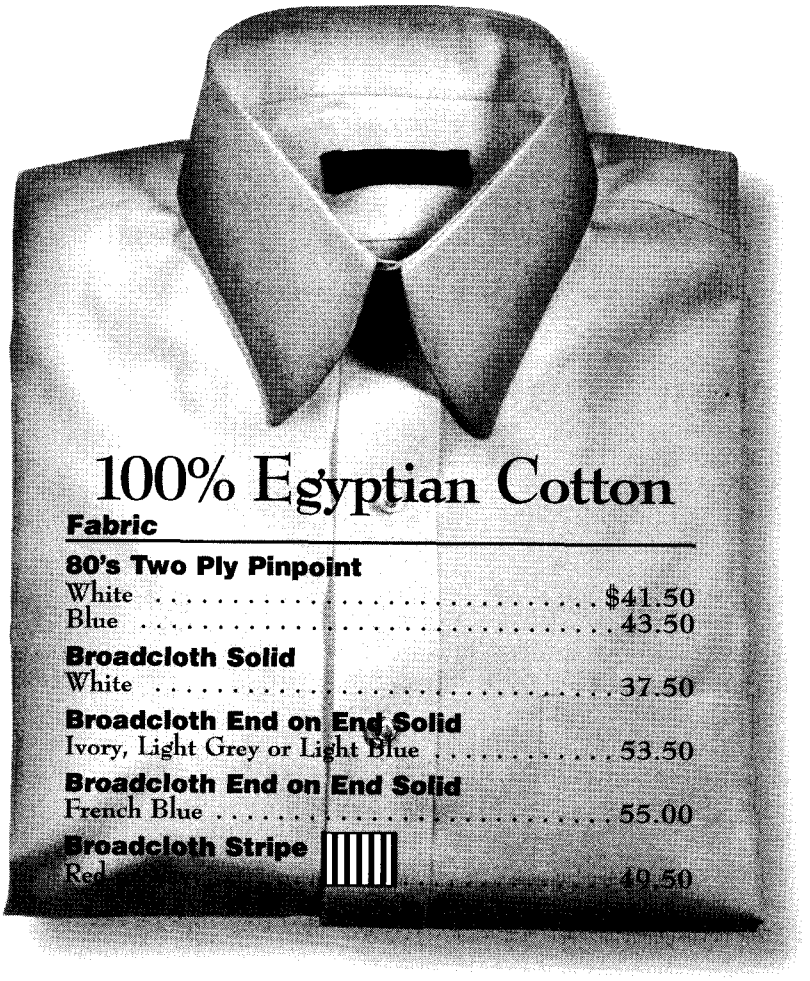

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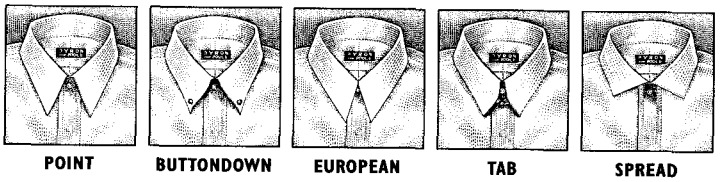

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$40,000. When his 11 minutes are through, the mike goes dead with his arms still flying.

On the other hand, Kasich is great one-on-one, as he demonstrates at his reception; his issues (school choice, replacing welfare with charity, and retirement accounts) are laudable, and his anti-elitist message suffers only from vagueness. He'll be back for a bowling tour of the state—"Rolling through Iowa." If he times it right, he can catch the hard-rock act Megadeth ("with special guests Sevendust and Monster Magnet") at the convention center.

Lamar Alexander gives a solid speech that would work well—in a general-election campaign. His newest theme is the "War against Parents," and he advocates tripling the tax exemption for children. The line for his "Taste of Tennessee" reception stretches ten times longer than anyone else's. That may just reflect how much he spent on pulled pork and pecan pie. But he has also devoted a lot of time to Iowa. "You see him on every street corner," says an Iowan who supports Dan Quayle.

Quayle, who was represented at the gala by his wife, Marilyn, is being underestimated by some of his rivals. He, Alexander, and Forbes will have the strongest field operations in the state by year's end. Ashcroft may build one, too, on the strength of endorsements by social-conservative leaders.

Deconstructionists are fond of saying that the absence of a presence is the presence of an absence. The present absence here was Texas Gov. George W. Bush. If you were he, would you appear in this company? □

Green Monster

DAVID MASTIO

IMAGINE a world where the Environmental Protection Agency can shut down a decades-old automobile plant because neighbors decide they don't like the way it looks. It's called "environmental justice"—and thanks to an executive order signed by President Clinton in 1994, it's already here.

The concept of "environmental justice" was dreamed up in 1987 by the Rev. Benjamin Chavis Jr., who was then the head of the Commission for Racial Justice. It assumes that, as Chavis put it, our country is rife with "environmental racism," defined as "racial discrimination in environmental policymaking, . . . the deliberate targeting of communities of color for toxic waste facilities, [and] the official sanctioning of the life-threatening presence of poisons and pollutants in our communities."

Now, in a textbook instance of legislation without benefit of Congress, the EPA has leveraged the 1994 executive order into a massive expansion of its power. This February, the EPA issued an eight-page document called a "guidance" that outlined the way the agency intended to investigate "environmental justice" complaints filed under Title VI of the 1964 Civil Rights Act.

The key idea here is "disparate impact," but the "guidance" offers no definition of this term. And since it has never been used legally in the context of environmental permitting, nobody can say with any certainty what it means.

Frederick H. Carlson

The EPA also offers no definition of the other important concept in the "guidance"—namely, the "impacted community"—though the document does say the definition will change from case to case depending on factors ranging from the nature of the pollution to the geography of the area.

In short, the EPA "guidance" offers precious little guidance on exactly what companies must do to avoid running afoul of our nation's civil-rights laws.

Furthermore, because the document is a "guidance" and not a regulation, the EPA didn't have to perform a cost-benefit analysis, consider the impact on small business, decide if it was an unfunded mandate, or submit to a General Accounting Office review. And because it affects the interpretation of every single EPA regulation on the books—on matters ranging from solid waste to air emissions to accidental spills and everything in between—its potential impact, on state and local governments as well as private companies, is enormous.

According to memos written by Justice Department and EPA lawyers, even the EPA itself isn't sure it has the authority to wield this new power. The lawyers were particularly concerned that the proposal was based on a highly contested and legally unproven reading of civil-rights law.

Perhaps most surprisingly, the EPA is not even sure the problem actually exists. An unpublished EPA study, presented to agency officials in 1995, shows that whites are more likely than blacks to live around toxic-waste sites.

Nevertheless, hundreds of pages of internal documents obtained by the *Detroit News* provide a stunning picture of the way the EPA intends to achieve environmental justice. In the first place, it is aiming to extend its reach well beyond issues of health and the environment. "If only the *actual* residual hazards are considered in Title VI calculations, it may mean that Title VI implementation ignores more 'disparity' than it recognizes," read one 1996 memo. This memo apparently led to a decision by the EPA to broaden the scope of this provision to include "social, cultural, nuisance, . . . psychological, and aesthetic" impacts.

Mr. Mastio is a reporter for the Detroit News.

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These documents confirm the fears of the fiercest critics of the EPA's new policy. For example, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce says this policy will bring development in older cities to a screeching halt. EPA documents corroborate this: "Areas already having several permitted facilities would have great difficulty justifying the addition of another one, regardless of its relatively benign character."

The American Automobile Manufacturers Association argues that the proposal will actually slow technological improvements in plants and end up hurting the environment. Again, according to the EPA's own internal documents, the policy "may discourage facilities from seeking modifications, even if the modification would reduce overall emissions or discharge."

And the National Association of Counties argues that the policy is unprecedented in completely transferring control of land-use planning to the EPA in faraway Washington. Internal EPA memos state simply, "plant(s) would not be allowed to operate regardless of local zoning."

All this, despite the fact that almost all the state governments and the Federal Government have enacted tax plans designed to lure development to minority communities. Even the EPA itself has "brownfield" pilot projects in place around the country intended to bring new facilities to old, abandoned industrial properties. And Al Gore has announced expansions of the program several times in recent months.

Besides putting a brake on inner-city economic development, the new policy would reintroduce a particularly noxious form of unfairness that had finally been rooted out of another federal environmental program. In the pre-reform Superfund program, it frequently happened that one company was held responsible for another's past pollution. The result was billions of dollars in litigation, much of which has not been resolved two decades later. Under the EPA's new environmental-justice policy, a company seeking to get a new permit or to renew an existing permit could be denied purely because other facilities engaged in some activity of which the EPA disapproves were already operating in the area.

The policy could produce a variety of other unintended consequences as well. Last month, for instance, the Department of Housing and Urban Development announced that stocks of low-income housing were at record low levels. For obvious reasons, in and around cities, some of the cheapest land for building housing is in the vicinity of areas zoned for industrial development. If cities want to avoid the legal entanglements of Title VI, they can simply rewrite their zoning ordinances to prevent housing development in those areas. End of problem—and end of cheap housing.

Thanks to the EPA, a $700-million investment in a poor area could disappear in a flash.

Despite all the plan's flaws—of which, to judge from its internal memos, the EPA itself is fully aware—the first fallout could hit any day. The EPA is expected to deny permits needed by a proposed state-of-the-art vinyl plant in rural Louisiana. If it does, a $700 million investment in a poor area will disappear in a flash.

Cases are pending in 11 other states. A decision to deny permits to the Louisiana plant could open the floodgates. □

Money Changers

JOHN J. MILLER

AT a nine-minute meeting of the Senate Committee on Banking, Housing, and Urban Affairs last fall, Sen. Lauch Faircloth (R., N.C.) objected to a bill that would have put the Statue of Liberty's image on a proposed new $1 coin. American women, Faircloth proclaimed, would be insulted by such a gesture: "If we take the Susan B. Anthony dollar out of circulation, no

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U.S. currency will bear the likeness of a woman. I think this would be a terrible oversight and a slight to the women of the United States."

Does Faircloth actually think that Lady Liberty is a man? No, but he had been persuaded by Sens. Barbara Boxer (D., Calif.) and Carol Moseley-Braun (D., Ill.) that a statue wouldn't do: the image had to be one of a flesh-and-blood woman. "We need a real woman. That's right. Way to go," cheered Sen. Moseley-Braun immediately after her colleague had spoken.

It appears that Sacajawea will become one of the very few Americans depicted on a coin.

Now it appears that Sacajawea, the Indian girl who aided Lewis and Clark, will join the ranks of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and FDR as one of the very few Americans depicted on a coin. How she achieved this high honor provides a lesson in how Washington both makes and unmakes national symbols in the era of identity politics.

Coin art has been controversial before. Throughout most of American history, while coins frequently used human images, they were not representations of specific people. In 1909, however, the government, largely at the behest of Theodore Roosevelt, started printing Lincoln pennies. Instead of retiring this design after the usual 25 years, Republicans in Congress decided to keep it: after all, Lincoln was their man. The Washington quarter followed in 1932, even though George Washington had adamantly refused to allow his image to go on a coin. It smacked of monarchy, he thought. The Jefferson nickel arrived in 1938, partly because Democrats wanted a counterbalance to Lincoln.

Before Sen. Faircloth lit into the Statue of Liberty, the Banking Committee had been getting ready to rubber-stamp a bill, approved almost unanimously in the House, that would have put the statue on a new $1 coin. For years there have been attempts in Congress to phase out the dollar bill. This makes a certain sense: coins are more durable (lasting on average more than forty times as long as paper money), convenient (how often does a vending machine reject a quarter?), and efficient (banks and mass-transit systems spend hundreds of millions annually processing bills). But every attempt has failed, largely because the public senses something akin to devaluation. In the specific case of the Susie B., most people found the coin much too easily confused with the quarter.

Rep. Michael Castle (R., Del.) decided that there was no reason why the United States couldn't have both a $1 coin and a $1 bill. Since the supply of Anthony dollars in Federal Reserve Banks was expected to run out sometime in 2000, Castle introduced legislation for a new gold-colored $1 coin, with an edge that would make it easily distinguishable from the quarter. It would depict an eagle on one side and the Statue of Liberty on the other. Rep. Castle won the endorsement of the Clinton Administration, and his bill sailed through the House by a vote of 411 to 7.

Then his bill ran into Sens. Boxer, Faircloth, and Moseley-Braun. They stripped the statue from the coin and, in a late-session compromise with the House, gave Treasury Secretary Robert Rubin the power to decide what image would be used instead. Rubin insisted that the figure be in some way female. In May, he appointed an eight-member Dollar Coin Advisory Committee to choose the figure. Most of its members were liberal Democrats who had no special knowledge of coins or coin art. "I'm not a coin collector, but I do go shopping," says appointee Gail Shaffer, who heads Business and Professional Women, U.S.A., a group that lobbies on behalf of equal pay for women.

The committee met in Philadelphia on June 8 and 9. The short list of coin candidates came down to Susan B. Anthony and Harriet Tubman in a combined image; Sacajawea; the Statue of Liberty; an allegorical Liberty (a common image on nineteenth-century coins); Eleanor Roosevelt; and Bessie Coleman, who became the first black American to earn an international pilot's license (she fell to her death in 1926—her plane turned upside down, and she was not wearing a seat belt).

In Sacajawea we trust, said the committee. But because there are no contemporary pictures of Sacajawea—indeed, next to nothing is known for certain about her life following the Lewis and Clark expedition—the committee also agreed to have her image rendered in a manner vaguely like those nineteenth-century Liberties. Instead of the traditional Greco-Roman depiction, however, this Liberty probably will appear as a teenaged girl from the Shoshone tribe—although one of the things not known for sure about Sacajawea is whether she was in fact a Shoshone.

"I think it's a dynamite choice," says U.S. Mint Director Philip Diehl, a Clinton appointee. "If the public were voting between the Statue of Liberty and Sacajawea, I think it would be evenly split." Numismatists and collectors—people, in other words, who follow coin design closely—aren't so sure. They almost universally support the idea of a new $1 coin, but they are much less excited about Sacajawea. "I think the Statue of Liberty would be much more symbolic and representative of the United States," says Elizabeth Jones, who was the mint's Chief Engraver for nine years—the first and only woman to hold the job.

Rubin probably will wait till fall to make a final decision on the coin's design, but he is expected to accept the Sacajawea proposal. Because producing high-quality coins is a time-consuming process, the mint will need about two years to prepare for the billions of $1 coins it expects to put in circulation.

There may be only one thing standing between Sacajawea and the $1 coin: Ronald Reagan. "If Reagan had died sometime in the last six months, I'm convinced we'd be looking at 'the Ronnie' right now," says Jim Benfield of the Coin Coalition, a pro-coin lobbying group. Indeed, it was just a year after their respective deaths that FDR landed on the dime and JFK on the half-dollar.

But perhaps Reagan doesn't need to go to the grave in order to appear on a coin. Congress recently renamed Washington National Airport in his honor, and Grover Norquist has promised to make "the Ronnie" a priority for his Reagan Legacy Project, which led the airport crusade. It's time to win $1 for the Gipper. □

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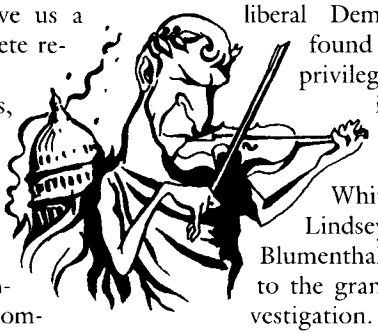
BREAD & CIRCUSES

Rising Starr

'STARR'S Report: Half a Loaf Sooner, or the Whole Thing Later?" asked MSNBC on its Internet chat show. In a typical reaction to the prospect that Kenneth Starr might send Congress an "interim report," the participants all assumed that any report delivered in the next several weeks would be partial and tentative. So did Rep. Bob Livingston (R., La.): "I don't want to see him give us a half-baked report. A complete report is what we want."



And, despite expectations, it's likely to be what we get. If Ken Starr forwards to Congress a report with "substantial and credible information . . . that may constitute grounds for impeachment," it will be a comprehensive, finished product. Since he is obliged to make such a report under the Independent Counsel statute, it should be referred to as the *statutory* report, not the interim report. And since Starr need not wait to report until the President has exhausted all of his appalling appeals, Congress could be considering this report as early as July. And if Starr can't produce one by July, he should wait until after the elections, because Congress won't have time to take it up before then.

This forecast contradicts Washington's conventional wisdom, which holds that the President's delaying tactics have pushed back any Starr report for months. Senate Majority Leader Trent Lott recently explained that Mr. Starr can't complete his investigation because he doesn't know "when he is going to get the testimony of the people that need to testify for the White House."

In the first place, their testimony is just not that important, despite all the high-powered legal wrangling over it. And in the second place, there is a different, and more probable scenario, than Lott's.

Once the Supreme Court denied Mr. Starr's request for an expedited appeal to dispose of the President's attorney-client and Secret Service privilege claims, that meant that the case still had to be argued before the lower appeals court. The Lott scenario assumes that its decision will not be reviewed by the Supreme Court until it reconvenes in October.

But if the Supreme Court agrees that these privilege claims are legally lame, it could dispose of the case quickly this summer. Judge Norma Holloway Johnson of the U.S. District Court—a liberal Democratic appointee—found that the asserted privileges could not stand in the light of Judge Starr's proof that the testimony of White House aides Bruce Lindsey and Sidney Blumenthal would be relevant to the grand jury's criminal investigation.

This investigation, Judge Johnson explained, is seeking to determine whether "President Clinton suborned perjury, obstructed justice, or tampered with witnesses." She, for one, is not buying the White House spin that Starr's inquiry is simply about sex—a damning datum considering that she a) has reviewed Starr's evidence and b) is in no way a member of the vast right-wing conspiracy.

The White House then dropped its executive-privilege claim relating to Blumenthal's testimony, but it continues to assert attorney-client privilege to protect Bruce Lindsey from being questioned before the grand jury. Most legal experts believe that these claims will go down too, once the appeals court rules. Communicating among themselves by phone and fax, the Supreme Court Justices could, in a matter of weeks, refuse to review the decision. Bruce Lindsey would then make an anticlimactic appearance before the grand jury—where the faulty memory that tragically afflicts so many Clinton aides would be on full display.

But Starr is not likely to need Lindsey's testimony now that Monica Lewinsky has capable (and quiet) legal counsel. Starr's spokesman, Charles Bakaly, explains that the Lewinsky investigation "could hit a fast track" with the cooperation of her new legal team. Indeed, close observers describe the mood in Starr's office these days as ebullient. It is expected that, in exchange for immunity, Monica Lewinsky will testify that she had a sexual relationship with the President that he and others attempted to conceal.

The evidence that Starr has already gathered over the past months convinced two federal courts that Miss Lewinsky's affidavit denying a sexual relationship with the President was inaccurate. Frank Carter—her first attorney, who was so helpfully recommended to her by Vernon Jordan—will have to testify before the grand jury because the judges concluded that Miss Lewinsky used him to lie in her affidavit.

As for the Secret Service, Mr. Starr has already interviewed about twenty agents; he had also pressed for the testimony of one or two others back when William Ginsburg was playing on the President's team. Monica Lewinsky's testimony would presumably make the eyewitness accounts of the uncooperative Secret Service agents less critical to the investigation.

ONCE Monica Lewinsky and Linda Tripp testify, and Mr. Starr corroborates any new details they might provide, only a final legal hurdle—one that Starr is likely to clear—would prevent him from making a statutory report to Congress.

His report would have to include relevant grand-jury testimony. In previous cases, when the House has received grand-jury testimony in order to conduct impeachment inquiries, the grand juries had been discharged. Starr's grand jury will probably still be sitting—to investigate lesser figures—at the time of a report. But if pertinent testimony from a sitting grand jury were requested by the House Judiciary Committee, the court would probably approve the release.

Starr's popularity rating—at 29 per cent, according to CNN—won't much matter once he provides "substantial and credible information" concerning the President's perjury, subornation of perjury, and obstruction of justice. The President's defenders will nonetheless attack his chief accuser, who will need Republicans to defend his track record and his methods. They can get a running start by dropping the ill-informed talk of a Starr "interim" report.

—K.A.

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The Unforgettable Candidate

LEE EDWARDS

Roman Genn

In the early 1960s, it was not obvious or inevitable that Barry Goldwater would emerge as conservatism's national standard-bearer. Some conservative intellectuals were less than enthusiastic about him. He was reluctant himself. But conservative leaders did not wallow in despair because their options were less attractive than they might have dreamed. They calculated that Goldwater was the best, indeed the only possible vehicle for conservative aspirations. And then they made that possibility a reality. A movement of individualists thus found its leader, fittingly, in an individual who never totally belonged to it. So while it is commonly said that Goldwater created the modern conservative movement, it might be more accurate to say that the movement created itself through the Goldwater campaign. It became a substantial political force for the first time, and it learned from Goldwater's heroic example that not to shrink from battle is itself a victory. Not, to be sure, the victory conservatives so ardently desired in 1964. But the nation wasn't ready for that. Neither was the movement. A Goldwater Administration would almost certainly have been a disappointment. Disappointment with their national leaders is something conservatives have often felt in recent years. They keep waiting for "another Reagan," some candidate who will make them fall in love. And one might come along. In the meantime, perhaps what conservatives really need is another, though doubtless very different, Barry Goldwater. — ED.

FOR conservatives, the Sixties was the decade not of John F. Kennedy but of Barry Goldwater. Early in the decade, conservatives believed they had found their champion in Goldwater, a true son of the West, where freedom and independence were not simply words but beliefs worth fighting and even dying for. The story of how they convinced him to run for President and helped him capture the Republican nomination in 1964 is one of the most dramatic and momentous tales of postwar American politics.

In the mid 1960s, Goldwater was certainly doing all the right things to win the presidential nomination. He had twice served as chairman of the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee, helping dozens of candidates and raising millions of dollars across the country. He was a prominent member of the Senate "Rackets" Committee, which exposed the illegal activities of power-hungry labor bosses like the Teamsters' Dave Beck and Jimmy Hoffa. He became a good friend of William J. Baroody Sr., president of the prestigious American Enterprise Institute, and was able to draw on AEI's considerable public-policy resources. Along the way, he collaborated with a gifted writer, L. Brent Bozell, to produce a best-selling manifesto, *The Conscience of a Conservative*.

Adapted from From Movement to Majority *by Lee Edwards, to be published by The Free Press in April 1999.* *©1999 by Lee Edwards. Reprinted by permission of The Free Press, an imprint of Simon & Schuster, Inc.*

But none of this was calculated. Barry Goldwater was not engaged in some grand political design but, in each instance, was simply responding to someone's suggestion or invitation. He was truly a man without ambition for the highest office in the land, but the cumulative effect of all these acts was to make him the leading conservative politician in America and a strong possibility to become President.

Goldwater was reluctant for a number of reasons: he wanted to remain in the Senate, where he was comfortable and effective; he had real doubts about his intellectual ability to be President (he once told a reporter he didn't have "a really first-class brain"); and all the polls showed him losing to President Kennedy (and later to Lyndon Johnson). But he nevertheless accepted the presidential nomination because he wanted to pay back the country that had given him so much. He was willing to raise high the bright standard of conservatism in 1964.

The drafting of that rarest of all political creatures, a politician who does not want to be President, began in October 1961 when some twenty well-connected, conservative Republicans (calling themselves the "hard core") met in Chicago to discuss how they might translate the political passion the senator from Arizona aroused among Republicans into a majority of delegates on the first ballot at the next national convention.

From the winter of 1961 until the fall of 1963, the indefatigable F. Clifton White—a tall, bow-tied professional politician from New York who had taught politics at Cornell

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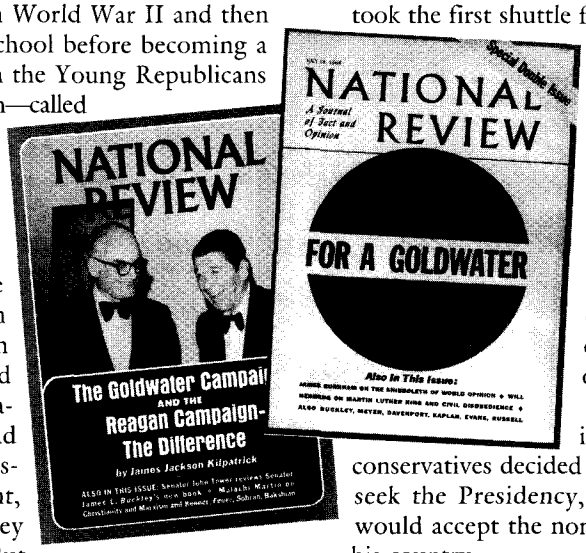
'Senator . . . You're the leader of the conservative cause in the United States of America, and thousands—millions—of people want you to be their nominee.'

and then worked in the presidential campaigns of Dewey, Eisenhower, and Nixon—traveled more than a million miles on behalf of the Draft Goldwater effort. He visited old political friends and enlisted political neophytes in the course of building an organization in every state and congressional district. And thanks to youth groups like the Young Republicans and Young Americans for Freedom, and women's groups like the National Federation of Republican Women, conservatives had more political strength than anyone, particularly the media, realized.

Money was another matter. William A. Rusher—the conservative strategist and NATIONAL REVIEW publisher, who had served in the Army Air Corps in World War II and then graduated from Harvard Law School before becoming a kingmaker (and breaker) in both the Young Republicans and Young Americans for Freedom—called the first half of 1962 the "Valley Forge" of the draft movement. The money that Roger Milliken (an original hard-core member) had raised was almost gone, and White was forced to telephone people rather than see them in person. *In extremis*, he even dipped into the money he had saved for his son's college education. By September, creditors had become so threatening that a discouraged White and his assistant, Rita Bree, told Rusher that they would "have to fold the tent." But Rusher rallied their spirits and persuaded them to continue for at least one more month.



They were rescued by Robert R. "Randy" Richardson, an heir to the Vicks chemical fortune, who agreed to pay part of the rent of the draft offices, and by businessmen J. D. "Stets" Coleman and R. Crosby Kemper, who wrote generous checks. J. William Middendorf II and Jeremiah Milbank Jr., prominent in New York investment circles and Connecticut politics, provided enough money to keep the operation going until after the November elections. Indeed, over the next two years, Middendorf and Milbank became so good at producing cash for the Goldwater campaign whenever it was needed that they were nicknamed "the Brinks Brothers." Rarely has so much been accomplished politically with so little: in its first year of operations in 1962, the draft effort spent a little over $43,000—about what Nelson Rockefeller paid his top speechwriter.

Clif White was instructed to report to Goldwater in January 1963 about their plans. Unbeknownst to him, Goldwater was meeting over the Christmas holidays with Arizona friends and advisors to talk about his political future. The consensus: While Goldwater might be able to win the Republican nomination in 1964, it would be "very difficult" for anyone to defeat President Kennedy. The prudent thing for Goldwater to do was to seek re-election to the Senate.

A wary Goldwater received a smiling White in his Senate office. The New Yorker had hardly begun reporting the "good news" from Chicago when the senator held up a large hand and interrupted: "Clif, I'm not a candidate and I'm not going to be. I have no intention of running for the Presidency."

Remembering the last 18 months of careful planning, hard work, and unremitting travel, White retorted sharply, "Senator . . . You're the leader of the conservative cause in the United States of America, and thousands—millions—of people want you to be their nominee for President."

"Well," responded a stubborn Goldwater, "I'm just not going to run." He added lamely, "My wife loves me, but she'd leave me if I ran for this thing." A despondent White took the first shuttle flight back to New York City.

In mid February, the hard core gathered seemingly for the last time in Chicago. They considered and rejected a dozen different ways to persuade Goldwater, the only candidate in the minds of most conservatives, to run. After hours of talk and countless cups of coffee, silence fell, to be broken at last by an exasperated Robert Hughes of Indiana, who growled, "There's only one thing we *can* do. Let's draft the son of a bitch."

Amid exclamations and an old-fashioned Western holler, the small band of conservatives decided that while you could not *force* a man to seek the Presidency, you could *draft* him in the hope he would accept the nomination for the good of his party and his country.

For the liberal establishment, the possibility that Goldwater might be the Republican nominee seemed remote. One potential problem—Rockefeller's divorce of Mary Todhunter, his wife of 31 years and mother of his five children, and his open relationship with a much younger, married woman, Margaretta "Happy" Murphy—seemed to have vanished from the news and accordingly from the voters' minds.

THEN, on May 4, 1963, GOP politics was turned upside down when Rockefeller suddenly married Happy Murphy just one month after she had divorced her husband, Dr. James S. Murphy, who, in a significant decision by the judge, was given custody of their four small children. By the anything-goes standards of the 1990s, Rockefeller's desire to make an honest woman out of his mistress seems almost Victorian. But in the 1960s, politicians seeking the highest office in the land, especially Republican politicians, were expected to keep their affairs private.

Rockefeller had been beating Goldwater by about 2 to 1 among Republicans in the Gallup presidential poll. But a month after his marriage, he sank from 43 to 30 per cent while Goldwater surged from 26 to 35 per cent—a 22-point swing. For the first time, the conservative Arizona senator led the liberal New York governor in the Gallup poll. In a national trial heat between Kennedy and Goldwater, the new GOP front runner still trailed the President, 60 to 36 per cent. But political analysts noted that Goldwater had risen 9

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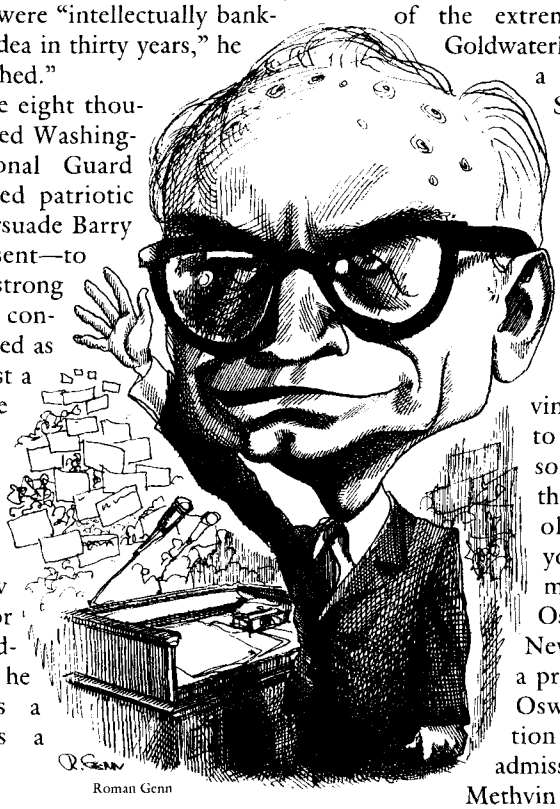
Barry Goldwater was devastated by John Kennedy's murder. He told Denison Kitchel 'to pass the word'—he would not run.

points while Kennedy had dropped 7 points since the last survey.

The sharply rising fortunes of the conservative movement and its champion were confirmed by several major events that summer and fall. In mid July, Goldwater addressed the Young Republican National Federation and brought the young men and women cheering to their feet with a slashing attack on "today's liberals" who were "intellectually bankrupt." They had not had "a new idea in thirty years," he declared. "They are dead and finished."

Earlier that same month, some eight thousand ecstatic conservatives jammed Washington's un-air-conditioned National Guard Armory to hold an old-fashioned patriotic Fourth of July rally and help persuade Barry Goldwater—who was not present—to lead a crusade to make America strong and whole and right again. A concerned liberal Democrat was quoted as saying, "Last month they were just a faction. But tonight it looks like they've become a political party."

That September, nearly fifty thousand people filled Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles to hear Goldwater deliver a rousing speech written by Karl Hess, a new speechwriter whom the senator nicknamed "Shakespeare." Goldwater was interrupted 47 times as he declared that "America needs a change" and "freedom needs a chance."



Roman Genn

THESE were heady times for Goldwater and the conservative movement, capped by a major article in *Time*, the establishment's favorite magazine. The weekly reported that while President Kennedy could easily beat any other Republican candidate, including Rockefeller and Nixon, he could only be rated even against Goldwater, who could count on carrying states (many of them below the Mason–Dixon Line) with a total of 266 electoral votes—just 4 fewer than the total needed to win.

The contrasts between the two politicians were evident and exciting: Kennedy, the Eastern elitist and Harvard graduate, versus Goldwater, the Western self-educated cowboy, the cool liberal versus the hot conservative, the new politics versus the old.

As November drew to a close, Barry Goldwater was convinced he could run a strong conservative campaign against an incumbent liberal President. The national polls were encouraging, the organization under his old friend Denison Kitchel was coming together, Clif White and his associates were methodically accumulating delegates, and the money was steadily flowing in. What could go wrong?

On Friday, November 22, at 1:32 P.M., Washington time, Merriman Smith of United Press International dictated the first bulletin over the press-pool car's radio-telephone: "Three shots were fired at President Kennedy's motorcade in downtown Dallas." Thirty minutes later, in Parkland Memorial Hospital, the President was pronounced dead.

The immediate, spontaneous reaction of many conservatives was, "Oh, my God, it must have been one of ours." The majority of Americans were led to the same thoughts by the mass media, which constantly referred to Dallas as the "home of the extreme right wing" and the "heart of Goldwaterland." Television networks ran and reran a film clip of UN Ambassador Adlai Stevenson being spat upon by "conservatives" in Dallas a month earlier.

Conservatives braced for the worst, and then at 4:23 EST, NBC announced that a suspect had been arrested in Dallas. He was soon identified as Lee Harvey Oswald. All over America, conservative organizations began checking their membership and donor lists.

In Washington, D.C., Eugene Methvin, a senior editor of *Reader's Digest*, said to himself, "I know that name—he's got some Communist connection." Digging through the files on his desk, he found an old news release from Ed Butler, a young anti-Communist organizer. Several months earlier Butler had debated Oswald, who was then the secretary of the New Orleans chapter of Fair Play for Cuba, a pro-Castro group. The press release gave Oswald's background, including his defection to the Soviet Union and his public admission, "I am a Marxist."

Methvin passed the information to an Associated Press reporter. "They put it on the wire," remembered Methvin, "and that's how the nation and the world learned that Lee Harvey Oswald was no right-winger but a one-time defector to the Soviet Union."

Nonetheless, Barry Goldwater was devastated by John Kennedy's murder. He told Denison Kitchel "to pass the word"—he would not run.

The primary reason was his cold contempt for Lyndon Johnson, who would not engage, he was certain, in the issue-oriented campaign that he and Kennedy had envisioned. Goldwater also knew that no Republican, especially no conservative Republican, could now win in 1964. As he put it, "the American people were not ready for three Presidents in little more than one year."

At Kitchel's insistence, Goldwater called a meeting of his closest friends and advisors. Goldwater bluntly stated his own position—"Our cause is lost"—and then sat silently as his fellow conservatives sought to persuade him to do what he so clearly did not want to do. Despite the assassination, they assured him, the Goldwater delegates were holding firm. He could not let them down.

Goldwater made no response. At last he asked the group of anxious conservatives to let him "sleep on it." Motioning Kitchel to remain, Goldwater sat silently and watched dark-

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ness fill the room until at last he turned on a light and poured some bourbon for himself and his old friend. Kitchel went to the heart of the matter. "Barry," he said, "I don't think you can back down." What was at stake was not one man's feelings or wishes, but "the millions of conservatives around the country who had made a stand in favor of Barry

Youth Movement

RICHARD BROOKHISER

IN 1964, the fact that all the fourth-graders in Pinegrove Elementary School in Irondequoit, New York, except me were for Lyndon Johnson reflected our parents' opinions, not ours. But there was one other person in class who was for Goldwater —the teacher. Though Miss Bevier didn't seem young to me then, she must have been in her early or mid twenties, which made her prime Goldwater material.

John F. Kennedy is usually portrayed as the first, and brightest, leader of the young in what would be a long decade of youth (1960–1975), but this is a mistake. He was stylish and sexy (so was the Rat Pack). Women wanted to sleep with him and, it turns out, many did. But that is a flack's idea of youthfulness. The Kennedy circle was also insouciant (pushing Arthur Schlesinger Jr. into that swimming pool). The truly young—aged 15 to 25—were too serious for such hijinks, and their tribune in the early Sixties was Barry Goldwater.

The conservative movement, when it was first moving, was to a great extent a youth crusade. Frank Meyer and Russell Kirk, in their very different ways, collected young acolytes. Thirty-something William F. Buckley Jr. had wholesale appeal, and Ayn Rand's best-seller status was based on young readers—especially young women readers, for whom she offered self-aggrandizement leavened with submission. But the conservative who packed Madison Square Garden was Barry Goldwater.

Goldwater was better looking than Kennedy. Even now, those pictures of him in the flight suit of an Air Force Reserve major general are startling in their virility. But Goldwater's hold on the young was rhetorical and intellectual. Charles G. Mills, now a Long Island lawyer, was a senior at Yale in 1962 when Goldwater came to campus on a Chubb Fellowship, a Yale program for visiting solons. Perhaps Yale's intention was to exhibit him as a two-headed calf.

If so, it failed. Goldwater, Mills remembers, "packed Woolsey Hall"—a deep, barn-like structure—"with people standing all around the upper levels." His topics: "his grandfather catching an Indian bullet, which had to be cut out without anaesthesia"; the necessity to "use force to prevent the Communists from overrunning Vietnam and Indonesia"; the "outrageous extensions of the Federal Government." Goldwater also observed that presidential elections were usually won by the taller candidate, so that eliminated the newly elected Sen. John Tower.

Goldwater's popularity among undergraduates, Mills recalls, "shocked" older campus liberals who thought "you had to be old to be conservative." He didn't play well with graduate students, either, perhaps because of their longer exposure to older campus liberals. The political-science faculty, trying fancy footwork, argued that Goldwater "was a Jeffersonian classical liberal and that true conservatives should embrace FDR." On Goldwater's last day as a Chubb fellow, "he, I, and about four other undergraduates walked along Library Street, talking about the political hopes of conservative Republicans. He was an excellent teacher both in this setting" and to a standing-room-only crowd.

In 1964 Mills headed Monroe County Youth for Goldwater–Miller in upstate New York. (Little did he know that I lived in his bailiwick.) "The 'adult' Goldwater campaign was divided into two camps that detested each other. I was one of the few people in the county who spoke to both." Some things never change.

What explained the pull? Lack of pretension, obviously: the easy self-confidence that was part personal, part Western. But there was also the shock and sweep of Goldwater's message. Conservatives whimper about political correctness today, in the academy and in Hollywood. But in the Fifties and early Sixties, everywhere was Hollywood and the academy. Most people, then as now, had no opinions. But everyone who had them was a consensus liberal, satisfied that the state had solved its own, and society's, contradictions.

Joe McCarthy had raised hell and blood pressures without challenging this consensus, for he only said that Communists were traitors and liberals were stupid. Goldwater said they were wrong. This is a dramatic difference, all the more so considering when he said it. Goldwater was branding the modern state "outrageous" before the Great Society, and criticizing establishment foreign policy when liberals were still anti-Communist—albeit in a meliorist, containment mode.

Young people's susceptibility to bold critiques is not automatically worthy of respect. Then as now, the young lack experience and knowledge. The only benefit of their condition is that, undistracted by mental freight, they can often distinguish between sincerity and mere sloganeering. The liberal establishment of the late Fifties and early Sixties had become complacent and inert—and ultimately helpless, as witness its collapse in the face of race riots and foreign-policy failure only a few years later. Goldwater, by contrast, was ardent and urgent.

The late Sixties produced a second wave of young rebels, whose interests were primarily behavioral and aesthetic. They had considerable political effect—lose a country, gain a restaurant —but their main interest was getting high and getting laid. *Boogie Nights* was born in the Summer of Love. Now it's playing at the White House. The first rebellion had better goals, and better leaders.

After Goldwater died, I got a message on my answering machine from another old fan, the man who has cut my wife's hair for thirty years. He had been at Madison Square Garden, and he had cast his first vote for Goldwater. ("How could he lose? I'd seen all those people.") I left a message on his machine: "Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice." □

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Goldwater admitted that there was a 'virtually unbreakable' bond between himself and conservatives. He finally said, 'All right, damn it, I'll do it.'

Goldwater." Goldwater admitted that there was a "virtually unbreakable" bond between himself and conservatives. He finally said, with mixed exasperation and resignation, "All right, damn it, I'll do it."

IT was an unprecedented act in American politics. Never before had a presidential candidate run knowing beyond any reasonable doubt that he could not win the general election. That hard political reality accounted for his grim face and voice over the next 11 months (no one enjoys committing political suicide), the uncompromising content of his speeches and positions (he would give the voters a *real* choice), and the all-Arizona composition of his campaign team (it was the last wish of the condemned politician to be accompanied by his closest friends as he went before the firing squad).

Against the recommendations of Peter O'Donnell, Republican State Chairman of Texas; Raymond Moley, a conservative columnist (and onetime FDR braintruster); and William Loeb, the friendly publisher of the powerful New Hampshire newspaper, the Manchester *Union Leader*, Goldwater entered the always unpredictable New Hampshire primary. Political amateurs Kitchel and Baroody waved polls showing Goldwater to be the choice of 65 per cent of the state's Republicans and independents. U.S. Senator Norris Cotton and Stuart Lamprey, the Speaker of the New Hampshire legislature, assured their fellow conservatives that he was a shoo-in.

And so, still healing from an operation on his foot and hampered by a walking cast, Goldwater plunged into 23 days of campaigning with as many as 18 appearances in a single day. As the senator later remarked wryly, "I remember every footstep of that campaign." Nor was he prepared psychologically. He was still looking back at the campaign that might have been against John Kennedy rather than ahead to the campaign that would be against Lyndon Johnson.

Accordingly, he said careless, controversial things, such as that participation in the Social Security system might be made optional. "If a person can provide better for himself," he replied when asked for his views about the program, "let him do it. But if he prefers the government to do it, let him." Within hours of the news conference, the pro-Rockefeller *Concord Daily Monitor* ran a banner headline: "Goldwater Sets Goals: End Social Security, Hit Castro." Thus was born the myth of Goldwater, the Destroyer of Social Security.

While Goldwater and Rockefeller were trying to win over the "hard-nosed, tight-spending, balanced-budget Yankees" who constituted a majority of New Hampshire Republicans, a Lodge for President headquarters was quietly opened in Concord. Because Henry Cabot Lodge, the U.S. ambassador to South Vietnam, was not on the ballot, his name would have to be written in. There was an intriguing precedent: the upset write-in victory of General Eisenhower over the favored Bob Taft in 1952.

Although the polls showed that the race was tightening, few observers believed that a write-in candidate halfway around the world could beat the well-organized, well-financed campaigns of Goldwater and Rockefeller. Once again, in an unconventional year, conventional wisdom was proved wrong.

Less than twenty minutes after the polls closed, CBS News projected that Henry Cabot Lodge had won the presidential-preference primary in New Hampshire, receiving 33,521 write-in votes, about 35 per cent of the total vote. Goldwater trailed with 21,775 votes, 23 per cent, while Rockefeller was third with 19,496 votes, about 21 per cent. Goldwater's 23 per cent was embarrassing—one-third of his approval rating the previous October and far less than the 33 per cent he had mentioned in February as a worst-case scenario.

After admitting over national television, "I goofed," Goldwater reorganized his campaign and returned to his original strategy of focusing on a few selected primaries, particularly California's, which was to become the most consequential primary in the history of the American conservative movement. It was an epic battle between Goldwater volunteers and Rockefeller mercenaries, the New Right and the old California Establishment, the middle class of Los Angeles and the upper class of San Francisco, the man who did not want to be President and the man who wanted only to be President.

Rockefeller gave his campaign organization more than $3 million and carte blanche to win the state and secure the nomination, which now seemed tantalizingly close. Following his solid victory in the Oregon primary (where Goldwater placed third), Rockefeller surged to a 47 to 36 per cent lead over Goldwater among California voters, according to Lou Harris.

With less than three weeks remaining before the primary, a 15-man Goldwater team, headed by a young Tucson lawyer, Dean Burch, accomplished what veteran strategist Steve Shadegg described as "a political miracle" by reversing the Goldwater slide and producing a historic victory, albeit by the slimmest of margins.

WORKING around the clock, the Goldwater team produced a series of TV and radio spots, newspaper ads, and brochures. Heavy emphasis was placed on the very photogenic Goldwater family—Barry, Peggy, and their four poised, handsome children, Joanne, Barry Jr., Michael, and "little" Peggy. The Goldwaters contrasted sharply with the recently divorced Rockefeller and his new and very pregnant wife, Happy.

Meanwhile, a Goldwater army of fifty thousand volunteers (still the largest number of volunteer workers ever assembled for any primary) was distributing literature, canvassing neighborhoods, and preparing a mammoth effort to get Goldwater voters to the polls. Rockefeller manager Stuart Spencer recalled with awe "the number of bodies they kept throwing at us."

Sensing that the momentum was shifting, the Rockefeller organization began swinging harder and lower. As Stu Spencer put it, "We had to destroy Barry Goldwater as a member of the human race." A tabloid newspaper was mailed to several hundred California voters linking a number of GOP leaders—Lodge, Nixon, Governor George Romney of Michigan, Governor William Scranton of Pennsylvania, and even

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perennial presidential candidate Harold Stassen—to Rockefeller's candidacy. But Rockefeller's disinformation ploy backfired: Romney, Nixon, and Scranton all quickly denied being part of any anti-Goldwater or pro-Rockefeller effort.

A final anti-Goldwater bomb was dropped—by Goldwater. Nine days before the voting, the senator was asked how Communist supply lines along the Laotian border into South Vietnam might be interdicted. In an instant, the candidate who had curbed his tongue since New Hampshire became the careless Goldwater of old and replied: "There have been

Goldwater Unplugged

VICTOR GOLD

I HAD been forewarned. A few days before joining Barry Goldwater's staff in the summer of '64, I asked Mike Bernstein, one of the senator's top aides, if there was anything about his boss I should know before climbing aboard the campaign plane. Indeed there was, said Bernstein: Goldwater, despite appearances, lacked sound political instincts.

Given the fact that our candidate had just mopped the floor of the San Francisco Cow Palace with his political opposition, this seemed an odd, even perverse, appraisal of the man's talent for gathering votes. Then Mike, who was devoted to Goldwater, told me a vintage Barry story.

About six months before, at the peak of the primary season, Goldwater's speaking schedule showed he was due to be in two places at once—a student seminar at a Midwestern college, and a meeting in New York with the board of directors of the National Association of Manufacturers. No problem, figured Bernstein. He'd fill in for the senator at the seminar, freeing him to stroke the fat cats.

Good thinking, but the candidate had a different slant: He, Goldwater, would meet with the students, while Mike stroked the fat cats. Bernstein, an experienced Washington hand, pointed out that potential contributors want to see the candidate himself, not a surrogate. But Goldwater was adamant—he wasn't going to let those kids down. And so it went: Mike headed for the fat cats, Barry for the campus.

Bernstein had made his point. Bad political instincts, all right. No way to run a presidential campaign.

Still, there was a campaign to be run and I had a role in it. A minor role in the cosmic scheme, to be sure—no policy input, just the care and feeding of the press. Speech handouts and the like. No dealing with Goldwater's political instincts, one way or another—until the day, three weeks into the campaign, that I was called on to get the candidate into an engineer's cap for a photo op.

As photo ops go, it was a natural. On the last day of a four-state whistle-stop, the candidate would pose, engineer's cap in place, as if he were operating the train. A good human-interest shot that nine out of ten candidates (including Lyndon Johnson) would have snapped up. Instinctively.

Not Barry Goldwater, however. His staff, top to bottom, was all for the shot, but Barry wasn't budging: He flew planes, he didn't run locomotives, and he'd be damned if he'd put on a phony cap.

How they ever got him to change his mind I'll never know. But Denny Kitchel, the campaign manager, finally emerged from the candidate's compartment to give me the ground rules: Barry would pose for one shot only, no repeats. Understood? Fine, I said, as Goldwater emerged (grumbling), and headed up the aisle, his press aide in hot pursuit.

"Senator," I said, as we arrived at the engine cab, "if you'll just put this on now—"

Goldwater looked at the engineer's cap, then at me, in a way that said, One more word and you're off the train. Or so it seemed to an anxious young spin doctor on his first campaign.

And so it went. The photo op, of course, was a disaster. One take, the candidate glaring into the cameras, then handing me the "phony cap" and heading back to his compartment. Next day, predictably, no picture in the papers. It had been shot, after all, into the sun. So much for putting spin on Barry Goldwater's image.

For the record, it wasn't that Goldwater, a photographer himself, disliked the breed. In fact he felt a special bond with cameramen, talking shop, comparing equipment. So it was that three weeks later in Milwaukee—our photo-op-from-hell by then a vague memory—I passed along a request from a photographer from the *Sentinel* who wanted his picture taken with the candidate. Fine, said Goldwater, let's do it.

THIS, understand, was at a time when the liberal press had shifted its sights on the Republican ticket from the verbal to the photographic turf, much being made of Bill Miller, the vice-presidential nominee, having had his picture taken with a noted Southern segregationist. And when it turned out—I learned this only after the fact, on the way to the airport—that the *Sentinel* had no employee by the name given, the thought was automatic that this had to be some sort of Democratic set-up: Barry Goldwater pictured with a neo-Nazi, a child molester, or worse, would be featured on the front page of the next day's *Washington Post*.

Wrong, of course. The ringer, in the end, proved to be a harmless self-promoter. But it had been a campaign, believe me, that inspired paranoid fears; and on reporting my mistake, after arrival at the airport, I knew that the only plane I'd be put on that day would be one back to Washington. That, I'm sure, is what nine out of ten candidates (including Lyndon Johnson) would have done. Instinctively.

Not Barry Goldwater, however. Instead, on hearing my story and its dread possibilities, our candidate, the grumbler of the whistle-stop, put a reassuring hand on a young aide's shoulder and said—words not soon forgotten—"Politics is like a bullfight, Vic, and every so often you get gored. Don't worry about it."

Bad political instincts, all right. But that, I guess, is why Mike Bernstein and I loved working for the man. □

Mr. Gold was deputy press secretary to Senator Barry Goldwater in the presidential campaign of 1964.

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Johnson filled his speeches with warnings about the danger of voting for an extremist. He played on the public's fear of nuclear war.

several suggestions made. I don't think we would use any of them. But defoliation of the forests by low-yield atomic weapons could well be done."

Goldwater paid heavily for his speculative comment. Both AP and UPI immediately released stories suggesting that the senator had "called" for the "use" of nuclear weapons. Goldwater protested, and the wire services sent out a correction that few bothered to read. An elated Rockefeller branded his opponent a nuclear extremist.

Happy was now so close to delivery that Rocky flew home from California to New York every weekend. When aides pointed out that he was calling attention to an issue that could defeat him, the governor waved their caution aside and wisecracked, "I have a show opening on both sides of the continent the same weekend."

This was too much for the Christian Right of the day. On Thursday, May 28, 16 Protestant ministers, representing a wide segment of the Christian community in Southern California, held a news conference and suggested that Nelson Rockefeller should withdraw from the race because of his demonstrated inability to handle his own domestic affairs.

The denouement came at 4:15 P.M., Saturday, May 30, less than 72 hours before the primary polls opened in California, when Happy gave birth to a baby boy in New York Hospital. She named him Nelson Rockefeller Jr. and gave ministers and pastors throughout California their Sunday sermon.

On Tuesday, June 2, a red-letter day in the history of the modern conservative movement, tens of thousands of volunteers spread across the state with lists of known Goldwater supporters and made certain they went to the polls. The final count was 1,120,403 votes for Goldwater, 1,052,053 for Rockefeller, a popular margin of 68,350 votes, 51.6 per cent of the total. It was not a runaway, but it was enough. The senator received all 86 of California's delegates and now had, according to Clif White's private calculations, more than the 655 needed for nomination.

If Goldwater had lost California, he might well have withdrawn from the race. The liberal Republican establishment would have united behind a victorious Rockefeller and done whatever had to be done to defeat conservatives at the national convention (as it had in 1952, 1948, and 1940). But because he won the megastate California, Goldwater could assert, justifiably, that he had demonstrated that he had popular as well as electoral appeal. His nomination was now inevitable.

BACK in Washington, D.C., the Civil Rights Act of 1964 was in the political spotlight and Barry Goldwater hoped, indeed wanted, to vote for it—as previously he had voted for the Civil Rights Acts of 1957 and 1960. As biographer Edwin McDowell wrote, "Few men not deliberately courting minority bloc votes have expressed their sympathy for [blacks]—verbally and through action—more often than Goldwater." As chief of staff for the Arizona Air National Guard, he had pushed for desegregation of the guard two years before President Truman desegregated the U.S. armed forces. He and his brother Robert had hired blacks and served blacks at their Goldwater department store without reservation. He had contributed generously to the Arizona branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the Phoenix branch of the Urban League.

But he had problems with two sections of the proposed civil-rights law—Title II, dealing with public accommodations, and Title VII, on equal employment opportunity. He felt they were unconstitutional and unenforceable. Like Robert Taft, he opposed the idea of a federal Fair Employment Practices Commission, favoring state and local action.

The issue in Title VII was not job discrimination, Goldwater argued, which was "morally wrong," but the proper role of the Federal Government in eliminating it. Goldwater argued that if the government "can forbid such discrimination, it is a real possibility that sometime in the future the same government can *require* people to discriminate in hiring on the basis of color or race or religion." Rarely has a politician uttered more prophetic words.

Goldwater also found serious fault with Title II, the so-called "Mrs. Murphy clause," because it stated that a landlord could not refuse to rent to anybody. This was absurd to Goldwater, who protested, "I would not rent my home to a lot of whites for many reasons."

When repeated attempts to remove or modify Titles II and VII failed, Goldwater voted, reluctantly, on June 18 against the Civil Rights Act of 1964.

In his best-selling 1995 autobiography, General Colin Powell erroneously states that Goldwater cast the "only" vote against the Civil Rights Act. Goldwater was in fact one of 27 senators—6 Republicans and 21 Democrats—who voted "nay." Among the Democrats were J. William Fulbright of Arkansas, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee; Sam Ervin of North Carolina, the future hero of the Watergate hearings; and Albert Gore Sr. of Tennessee, a bona fide liberal and father of the future Vice President of the United States.

A quarter of a century later, Goldwater was still defending his vote as consistent with his belief that "more can be accomplished for civil liberties at the local level than by faraway federal fiat." But because the leader of the conservative movement voted against major civil-rights legislation, albeit for constitutional reasons, conservatives have been tarred ever since as racists and bigots.

IN the six weeks leading up to the Republican National Convention, William Scranton, the liberal Hamlet of the GOP, finally announced his candidacy, declaring that the party could not allow "an exclusion-minded minority [to] dominate our platform and choose our candidates."

But his fruitless challenge served only to divide Republicans and give Democrats the theme of extremism they would use so effectively in the fall.

When Eisenhower expressed his approval of the Republican platform, adding that if Goldwater campaigned on it, "I don't see how he can go far wrong," the by-now frantic anti-Goldwater cabal produced the Scranton "letter."

Addressed to Goldwater and ostensibly signed by Scranton (who neither saw nor personally signed it before its deliv-

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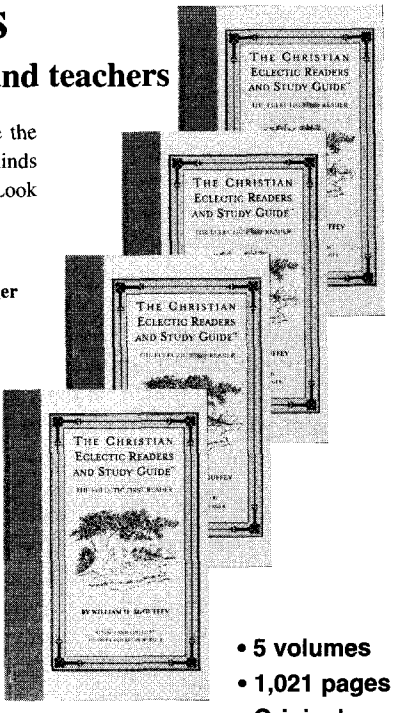

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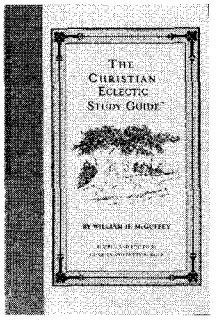

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On November 3, 1964, President Johnson got his landslide, receiving more than 43 million votes to Goldwater's 27 million, and winning 44 states.

ery), the 1,200-word letter called the senator the leader of radical extremists and "Goldwaterism" a collection of "absurd and dangerous positions."

The letter failed to shake the steady resolve of an overwhelming majority of the delegates at the 1964 Republican National Convention to nominate Barry Goldwater for President. But it did destroy any possibility of a Goldwater-Scranton ticket. It also provoked Goldwater into delivering the most quoted and controversial acceptance speech in the history of national conventions. The Goldwater team decided that no olive branches would be offered to the liberals. They saw Goldwater's nomination as a historic break with the past, an opportunity to signal that conservatives intended to set, as Goldwater would put it in his autobiography, "a new course in GOP national politics."

At the Cow Palace in San Francisco, Senator Everett Dirksen nominated Barry Goldwater for President. He described Goldwater's vote against the Civil Rights Act of 1964, of which Dirksen was a major architect, as an example of "moral courage not excelled anywhere in any parliamentary body of which I have any knowledge." And then he boomed, "Delegates to this convention . . . the tide is turning! . . . Let's give 190 million Americans the choice they have been waiting for!"

It was the moment conservatives had been waiting for ever since the liberal establishment's nomination of Wendell Willkie in 1940. Gold tinsel fell from the ceiling on ecstatic delegates who marched and sang and danced and waved high their "AuH_2O" signs. It was, observers agreed, one of the most impassioned demonstrations in convention history. TV viewers were indeed witnessing the birth of a new national movement—American conservatism.

In his acceptance speech the following evening, Goldwater borrowed from the Old Testament, warning the American people they had been following "false prophets" and exhorting them to return to "proven ways—not because they are old but because they are true." He stated that Americans "must, and we shall, set the tide running again in the cause of freedom." Freedom, not extremism, was his central theme.

Once and future conservative leaders: Barry Goldwater, Ann Buckley, and Ronald Reagan share a laugh at NR*'s Twentieth Anniversary celebration.*

As he neared the conclusion of his acceptance address, Goldwater called for a "focused" and "dedicated" Republicanism that rejected "unthinking and stupid labels." The next lines are underlined in the original text: "I would remind you that extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice! And let me remind you also that moderation in the pursuit of justice is no virtue!"

As conservatives roared their approval, liberals turned red in the face, moderates blanched, and a reporter blurted, "My God, he's going to run as Barry Goldwater."

Indeed he was, knowing that he had as much chance of defeating President Johnson as Billy Graham had of being elected pope. But regardless of the outcome in November, everyone—inside and outside the Republican Party—understood that control of the party had passed to the conservatives.

PRESIDENT Johnson was determined to do whatever was necessary to win by "the largest landslide in history." For him, extremism in the pursuit of the Presidency was no vice.

Johnson filled his speeches with warnings about the danger of voting for an extremist. He played on the public's fear of nuclear war. Meanwhile, the Democrats' advertising agency, Doyle Dane Bernbach, disgorged one of the most effective and negative ad campaigns in national politics.

The most controversial ad was the "daisy" commercial, which, slyly, did not mention Goldwater by name or quote anything he ever said. A little girl standing in a field is picking petals from a daisy when suddenly an ominous voice starts counting down from ten to zero. At "zero," the camera dissolves from the pupil of the child's eye to the mushroom cloud of an exploding atomic bomb. Johnson's voice says solemnly, "These are the stakes—to make a world in which all of God's children can live, or to go into the dark. We must either love each other, or we must die."

In any other election, these apocalyptic tones might have invoked disbelief or even laughter, but by the fall of 1964, thanks to the unremitting political attacks and the anti-Goldwater bias of the mass media, millions of Americans believed that a President Goldwater would actually bring about a nuclear holocaust.

An example of the tilted news coverage: CBS's George Herman recalled later that in Indiana, President Johnson "came reeling out of the [campaign] plane" and made "a rambling, incoherent speech." When Herman asked a Secret Service agent, "Is that man drunk?" the agent replied, "If aged Scotch will make you drunk, he's drunk." A central theme of the Johnson campaign was, of course, "Whose finger do you want to mash that [nuclear] button?" Herman admitted, "Here was the man whose finger was on the button as drunk as can be in a campaign that *was* centered around responsibility. But none of us reported it."

Obviously convinced that America faced a crisis of historic proportions, editorial writers grimly competed with each other to see who could write the most vilifying phrases about the Republican nominee and those who supported him. The *New York Herald Tribune* talked of a "clear and pre-

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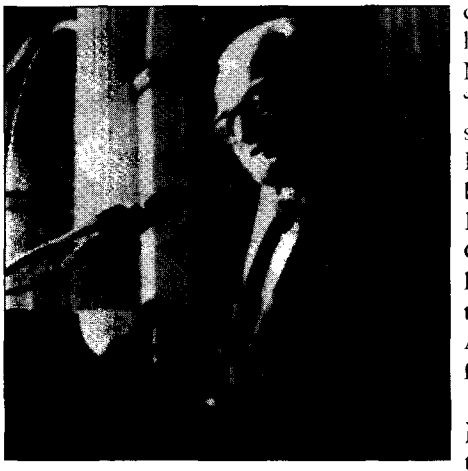
sent threat from the Know-Nothings and purveyors of hate and the apostles of bigotry." The *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* described the Goldwater coalition as "a coalition of Southern racists, county-seat conservatives, desert rightist radicals, and suburban backlashers." A radio station in Washington, D.C., repeatedly broadcast an editorial which said, "Like Adolf Hitler's *Mein Kampf*, Goldwater's book indicates what makes the man tick."

ALTHOUGH Goldwater was invariably described by the media as an extremist, the extremist tone of the 1964 campaign was set not by the Republican challenger but by the Democratic incumbent. And everyone in the Democratic campaign organization got the message: Anything goes.

Which is why the White House did not hesitate to use the Central Intelligence Agency illegally to obtain information about the Goldwater campaign. E. Howard Hunt, later convicted for taking part in the Watergate break-in, was then serving as chief of covert action for the CIA's Domestic Operations Division. He told a congressional committee a decade later that he was ordered to spy on Goldwater's headquarters in the fall of 1964. When Hunt, who knew full well that the senator could not be classified as a "domestic enemy," expressed reluctance to carry out the assignment, he was told that President Johnson himself "had ordered this activity."



Entertaining the faithful: Goldwater addresses hundreds of NR *partygoers.*

By the middle of September, Goldwater's regional directors were convinced that the telephones at the Republican national offices were bugged. The offices were periodically swept for listening devices, but important information kept leaking to the Democrats. The directors became so spooked that they began making their confidential calls from outside pay telephones.

Far more disturbing was the FBI's illegal bugging of the Goldwater campaign plane, where the senator and his top aides often made crucial decisions. The bureau's illegal surveillance was discovered by Robert Mardian several years later, when he was assistant attorney general for the Internal Security Division in the first Nixon Administration.

During a two-hour conversation with FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover in early 1971, Mardian asked about the procedures of electronic surveillance. To Mardian's amazement, Hoover revealed that in 1964, the bureau had bugged the Goldwater plane, on orders from the Oval Office. In explanation, Hoover said, "You do what the President of the United States tells you to do."

Despite the dispiriting polls, the vicious commercials, and the disdainful conduct of Republican leaders like George Romney and Nelson Rockefeller (who ostentatiously pocketed Goldwater buttons when given them), the senator campaigned aggressively. Wherever he went, Goldwater presented an unabashedly conservative program for America—proposing, for example, a system of unconditional grants to the states rather than the present programmatic grants; defending the rights of citizens first and criminals second; advocating education tax credits. For the first time in decades, a presidential candidate was directly challenging the basic premises of the welfare state. As historian Theodore White perceptively wrote, "Here was no ordinary politician pitching for votes; he was on a crusade to free America from [governmental] enslavement."

Nevertheless, certain that Goldwater was going to be defeated and concerned about a demoralization of the conservative movement that might ensue, Bill Buckley gave an unusual campaign speech at the annual convention of Young Americans for Freedom in September. YAF leaders wanted to fire up the delegates for the campaign, but Buckley chose instead to talk about Goldwater's "impending defeat."

As students openly wept, Buckley explained that Goldwater's election would "presuppose a sea change in American public opinion" but that the tide was still going in the other direction. The "point" of the campaign, he insisted, was not to gain victory on November 3 but to "win recruits" for "future Novembers." YAF officials were so stunned they did not publish Buckley's address until after the election, but some of them, like Robert E. Bauman, who would later be elected to Congress, got the message and began laying plans for the future. One important result was the formation of the American Conservative Union less than four weeks after Goldwater's defeat.

On November 3, 1964, President Johnson got his landslide, receiving more than 43 million votes to Goldwater's 27 million. That was more than 61 per cent of the popular vote, topping the record set by Franklin Roosevelt in 1936. The President carried 44 states for a total of 486 electoral votes. Goldwater won just 6 states—Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana, South Carolina, and his own Arizona.

LIBERAL commentators quickly and almost unanimously declared the conservative movement dead. But one of the few liberals who understood that Goldwater was not just another also-ran was Theodore White. He wrote that "again and again in American history it has happened that the losers of the Presidency contributed almost as much to the permanent tone and dialogue of politics as did the winners."

What was so special about Barry Goldwater? He was the first presidential nominee to run openly as a conservative. He was not so much the nominee of a political party as the personification of a political movement. He was the most important loser in modern presidential politics; his impact on every important aspect of American politics was profound.

With his grass-roots appeal, Goldwater helped the Republican Party to broaden its financial base by a factor of 30 to 1. In addition, the Goldwater campaign mobilized unprecedented numbers of volunteer workers. An army of almost 4 million men and women distributed literature and canvassed neighborhoods, contacting more than 12 million households. Thousands of young people entered—and stayed in—politics because of Barry Goldwater. They loved his independence: he would "not be hog-tied by anything—not even the conservative movement."

Today, those young conservatives sit in Congress and on

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The older Goldwater always seemed to be greeting Supreme Court decisions as dispositive, even on matters close to the heart of conservatives.

the Supreme Court, manage campaigns and raise millions of dollars, head think tanks and write seminal books, edit magazines and run television networks. They include Senate Majority Leader Trent Lott, House Majority Leader Dick Armey, Senator Phil Gramm of Texas, former senator and federal judge James L. Buckley, and Supreme Court Justice Sandra Day O'Connor.

Others who were turned on by the 1964 campaign include Edwin J. Feulner Jr., president of the Heritage Foundation, and Ed Crane, president of the Cato Institute, who was the head of Students for Goldwater at the University of California-Berkeley in 1964. Patrick J. Buchanan, who was writing editorials for the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* in 1964 and who ran for the GOP presidential nomination in 1992 and 1996, terms Goldwater "the first great conservative in the modern era."

Direct-mail pioneer Richard A. Viguerie memorized passages of Goldwater's *The Conscience of a Conservative* when he was executive secretary of Young Americans for Freedom. Paul Weyrich, founder of the conservative cable network now called America's Voice, was a *Milwaukee Sentinel* reporter who was "mesmerized by Goldwater." In the mid 1970s, Viguerie and Weyrich, along with YAF founder Howard Phillips and political activist John T. (Terry) Dolan, founded the populist New Right, which provided many of the ground forces for the conservative movement in the ensuing decade.

There were several political milestones in the first twenty years of the modern conservative movement—the conviction of Alger Hiss in 1950, the censure of Joseph McCarthy in December 1954, the founding of NATIONAL REVIEW in 1955, the building of the Berlin Wall in 1961, the debate over the Civil Rights Act in 1964. But none equals, in lasting impact, Barry Goldwater's seemingly quixotic run for the White House in 1964. It was, as Patrick Buchanan said, "like a first love" for countless young men and women, never to be forgotten, always to be cherished. It was the beginning rather than the end of conservatism's political ascendency.

In 1968, Goldwater was overwhelmingly returned to the U.S. Senate while the President who had buried him beneath a historic landslide refused to be humiliated by seeking reelection. Conservatives' feelings were summed up in a giant billboard along the Eisenhower Expressway in Chicago. In the fall of 1964, it read, "In Your Heart, You Know He's Right." For the next 18 months, it read, "In Time, You Will Know He Was Right." Just before the 1966 elections and the dispatching of several hundred thousand American servicemen to Vietnam, it read, "Now You Know He Was Right."□

1. Mr. Conservative

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

THERE wasn't much left of the Barry Goldwater I knew when, in 1994, he made his regular appearance at the annual Goldwater Award dinner. That year the prize went to Lady Thatcher. For the convenience of the press, the award was presented in a hotel salon, away from the crowd. The cameras whirred.

"Well, I am honored, Senator," said the guest of honor. "How many people before me have accepted this award?"

"You are the first," Goldwater replied.

Later, at dinner, someone turned to Susan Goldwater in protest. "Barry told me this was the *third* time the award was given."

"Barry's a flirt," said Mrs. Goldwater, with a wink. Changing the subject, she asked, "Who are your political heroes?"

"Reagan and Goldwater," said the guest.

"Do you want to know who mine are?" Well, yes, of course. "Adlai Stevenson and Mrs. Roosevelt."

There was a lot of talk, those last years after Peggy, his wife of five decades, died and he married Susan, about Goldwater's newly heretical positions. Often the explanation was given, in the muted corridors of ideological gossip: "Susan."

On the other hand, as early as 1981, when Peggy was still alive, Goldwater had chastised the Moral Majority for trying to "dictate their moral convictions." Later, he came out strenuously for gay rights, and that, of course, was consistent with the libertarianism of his planks over the years.

More surprisingly, the older Goldwater always seemed to be greeting Supreme Court decisions as dispositive, even on matters as close to the heart of most conservatives as abortion and school prayer. This was at odds with his best-seller of 1960, *The Conscience of a Conservative* (actually written in two weeks by Brent Bozell), which had warned of judicial usurpation.

At odds too with the right-wing jest of the 1964 presidential season, in which Chief Justice Earl Warren, addressing President-elect Goldwater, asks, "Do you solemnly swear to defend the Constitution of the United States?"

On the firing line: WFB grills—gently—at Goldwater's home in Phoenix in October, 1989.

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"I do. You're under arrest, Warren."

Years later, Goldwater didn't mind being out of step with the Right, but he had to get used to the fact that his old constituency was, well, older and more patient than the current generation. "Do you know," he once told me, "I haven't been invited to speak at the CPAC [Conservative Political Action Conference] for maybe 15 years? You'd think I was on the other side."

SIMULTANEOUSLY the public seemed to gravitate to his husky personal image, the Western pioneer who flew jet planes and relayed radio messages every morning for three hours from soldiers in Vietnam to parents, wives, and sweethearts back home. Once, when he traveled to the South Pole, he suddenly disappeared for a few moments from the deep igloo in which Soviet technicians were holding a debauch for their dozen American visitors. Goldwater had made his way to the radio of the resident American scientist so that he could have a word with Peggy back home.

That was 1972, and he was itchy. The Vietnam enterprise, which he had defended, had gone sour. Richard Nixon had given us wage and price controls, and what promised to be a sycophantic presidential trip to Peking was around the corner. Goldwater had supported Nixon, but on the long trip back to New Zealand, he confessed his misgivings. Six months later, Watergate happened.

In September 1973 we were sitting at the airport in Wichita, Kansas, when CBS reporters materialized, eager for comments on President Nixon's chaotic Saturday Night Massacre the weekend before. Again, the whir of cameras, the microphone aimed at his circular jaw. "Do you think, Senator, that the tapes will implicate President Nixon?"

He had every confidence in President Nixon, Goldwater said, after which he raised his hand. "That's all I have to say." The press left. To his friend: "You know? If I had been on a desert island for ten years and suddenly a helicopter came down and said the courts and the Justice Department and the press were in chaos, I'd say, 'Dick Nixon must have got elected President!' "

Nine months later, Senator Goldwater walked into the Oval Office, together with Senator Hugh Scott and Representative John Rhodes, and told Nixon he was through. The next day, Mr. Nixon announced that he would resign his office.

Goldwater loved to be generous and inventive. In 1967, my wife and I (and George Gilder, who was doing a piece for *Playboy*) arrived in Phoenix. Goldwater was there in his station wagon to take us to his house. The next day he took us (and a bewildered Mr. Gilder, who hadn't expected any hospitality) back to the airport and into his private plane for a tour of the Grand Canyon. During lunch, at the inn overlooking the canyon, he left and returned from the gift shop with ornate silver jewelry and belts (including a belt for Mr. Gilder).

Henry Luce was the host of a dinner that night. Goldwater didn't drink wine, and the waitress, a fan, sneaked him whisky. Luce asked me to speak about Vietnam (to which I was traveling). I deferred to Goldwater, who had just returned from Saigon. He had sat through an hour's reception and a two-hour dinner, but his ten minutes were concise and illuminating.

There was never any bombast. His directness was never intimidating, never cruel. In the last days of his presidential campaign he managed to advocate in a St. Petersburg, Florida, senior-citizen center some restraint on Social Security, before flying to Knoxville to wonder out loud about the wisdom of the Tennessee Valley Authority. My favorite political postlude was recorded a few weeks later, in the *New York*

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Because of Mr. Goldwater's great services to conservatism, many Republicans rushed to excuse these detours into liberal orthodoxy.

Times, the day after Goldwater's overwhelming defeat by President Johnson. An elderly lady was back from the polls and asked by her neighbor, who had gone out earlier, whether she had cast her 11th consecutive vote for a Republican candidate. No, she replied. She had voted for Lyndon Johnson, because she had been "afraid" to vote for Goldwater.

"Why?" was the startled question.

"Because he will take away my TV."

The questioner laughed. "No, no, no, Edith. Senator Goldwater is opposed to the *TVA*, not TV."

"I know, I know. But I just didn't want to take any chances."

Barry Goldwater liked the story, when I told it at the Goldwater Award dinner, though he was wistful about 1964. "I knew I'd lose, but I shouldn't have lost that heavily." He knew he was right about most of those issues, and Ronald Reagan agreed with him. □

(Copyright *New York Times*)

2. The Later Goldwater, Alas

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

THE phrase that most accurately describes the last years of many political lives is "forgotten—but not gone." If it is a shock to pick up a newspaper and read that Senator Hiram J. Bafflegab (D., Minn.) has gone to his reward, that is usually because we thought the old boy had been properly rewarded many years before.

But the death of Barry Goldwater was something which any attentive reader or viewer had been expecting for some time. It had been preceded by about 15 years of trailers—newspaper articles and television profiles which kept us informed about the former senator's life, health, and evolving political opinions. These premature obituaries, which were faithfully echoed by the actual obituaries when he died late this May, portrayed Senator Goldwater as a Great American Character, an irreverent, straight-shooting, and principled conservative who could be forgiven a certain extremism in defense of liberty because he shot straight at the Religious Right in his later years.

As the editorials chuckled ruefully over the salty judgments and impractical but, hell, splendid principles of this last rugged individualist from the West, it was hard to remember that 34 years ago these same editorial columns had been attacking the senator as a neo-Nazi, perhaps clinically insane, and at the very least a dire threat to the constitutional liberties of the American people and to the peace of the world. For instance, C. L. Sulzberger, then a columnist for the *New York Times*, wrote that "the possibility exists that, should he enter the White House, there might not be a day after tomorrow." And the sainted Walter Lippmann opined in *Newsweek* that ". . . he would nullify if he could the central purpose of the Civil War amendments, and would take from the children of the emancipated slaves the protection of the national union" or, in plain English, restore slavery.

In short, the American media have not waged a more unfoundedly vicious campaign against a presidential candidate in this century. But on consideration they have decided to overlook the matter entirely, and to treat the late senator as a fine fellow with whom they once had a civil disagreement. Thus, a valedictory editorial in the *Times* praised Goldwater because "instead of catering to the GOP's starched Yankee moderates [What?] like the Rockefellers and Lodges [Holy cow!] . . . he energized a movement of anti-government conservatives [Suffering succotash!], including Ronald Reagan [*Sacré bleu!*] . . ." There has been nothing like it since the spoof German newspaper headline from the 1920s: "Archduke Franz Ferdinand Found Alive—First World War 'A Mistake.' "

The media's conversion began surprisingly early. The scale of Mr. Goldwater's defeat was one obvious reason: a candidate who had lost in a landslide could be safely patronized. By contrast, Ronald Reagan, who won in landslides, continues to be the recipient of journalistic sneers and historical rewriting. But the press planted its first real kiss on Goldwater in the mid Seventies. As a *Times* editorial put it: ". . . after his landslide loss to Lyndon Johnson, he came to be seen as principled rather than dogmatic. Gradually, he gained respect across the political spectrum—notably when he tore into President Nixon over Watergate." Twenty years later, he would gain yet more respect when he ostentatiously refused to tear into President Clinton over Whitewater and told the *Houston Chronicle* that Clinton's critics should "get off his back and let him be President." But by then the romance between Goldwater and the media was firmly established.

INDEED, there was only one serious tiff after Watergate. Goldwater ran in his final campaign for re-election to the Senate in 1980 against a strong moderate Democrat. So he courted pro-lifers and looked to Ronald Reagan for support, and in retaliation the media talked up the Democrat's campaign theme—which was that Goldwater was a fine old boy, very old in fact. "The Senator appears infirm," wrote the *Times*'s correspondent. "He walks slowly, with a pronounced limp. At the candidates' forum, he sometimes seemed befuddled, perhaps because of a hearing loss. Mr. Goldwater occasionally answered questions that had been asked earlier in the program, rather than the question at hand. Some of his answers were difficult to comprehend." Etc., etc.

But the senator was re-elected, soon afterward set about belaboring right-wingers, and promptly made a miraculous recovery, never appearing as "infirm" or "befuddled" in the media again. Praise be!

He hurled his first thunderbolt in September 1981 when he inserted a speech attacking the "New Right" and the Moral Majority into the *Congressional Record*. This earned

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him a rare sympathetic page-one story in the *New York Times*, in which he was quoted as accusing the New Right and the Moral Majority (and Senators Jesse Helms, John East, and Jeremiah Denton) of using "the muscle of religion toward political ends" which could "tear apart the very spirit of our representative system." He was also described as "unpredictable"—not as flattering as "irreverent," but a great improvement on "dogmatic." That in turn led to better things—notably an op-ed in the *Christian Science Monitor* that same month in which he deplored the time these religious groups forced Congress to spend on such matters as "abortion, school busing, ERA, prayer in the schools, and pornography." He also denounced their ruthless political tactics: ". . . they cajole, they complain, they threaten you with loss of money or votes or both." The scales had fallen from his eyes.

AFTER that Mr. Goldwater was unpredictable on a regular basis. In 1984, he expressed outrage at the Reagan Administration's mining of the harbors in Nicaragua like any striped-pants bureaucrat: "This is an act violating international law." (The *New York Times*: "a noble, even heroic, service.") In 1988, asked by the London *Daily Telegraph* for a comment on Ronald Reagan, he was distinctly lukewarm: Reagan was "inspirational" but had lied about not knowing of the illegal diversion of funds to the Nicaraguan Contras. In the middle of the election campaign that same year, he told Dan Quayle to "tell George [Bush] to start talking about the issues." (*Washington Post*: "He took the issues seriously but was wonderfully irreverent about himself.") In 1989, he said irreverently that the GOP had been taken over by "a bunch of kooks"—no, not George Bush and James Baker but Pat Robertson and the Religious Right again. In 1992 he wrote a public letter telling President Bush to stop talking about the issues and predicting that if an anti-abortion plank was included in the party platform, "the convention will go down in a shambles, as will the election." (The *Houston Chronicle*: "a Republican elder statesman and a conservative's conservative.") Early in Clinton's first term, he took time out from defending the President against his GOP critics to reconsider Reagan's achievements: "We'll have to wait fifty years to tell us how well he did by the country." (Gannett News Service: "a remarkably measured analysis.") And from 1993 onward he issued a series of *fatwas* condemning the GOP for failing to promote gay rights in both the armed forces and the civilian workplace. (The Fort Lauderdale *Sun Sentinel*: "a constitutional conservative and a man of decency.")

Because of Mr. Goldwater's great services to conservatism, many Republicans rushed to excuse these detours into liberal orthodoxy. He was a libertarian, ran the defense, who wanted to see freedom enjoyed by gays, lesbians, and other outsiders. Unfortunately for this claim, the arguments and tone of his later effusions have nothing libertarian about them. They are standard liberal platitudinizing, leavened only by some left-wing sneers at the GOP. A few excerpts from his *Arizona Republic* op-ed calling for the extension of anti-discrimination law to cover sexual orientation: "Even the 1992 Republican platform affirms the principle that 'bigotry has no place in our society' . . . Anybody who cares about real moral values understands that this isn't about granting special rights—it's about protecting basic rights . . . The right wing will rant and rave that the sky is falling. They've said that before—and we're still here."

It is hard to believe that Senator Goldwater read these pieces, let alone wrote them, if he retained any of the libertarian convictions that led him to oppose the anti-discrimination provisions of the Civil Rights Act even before they were transformed into race and gender preferences, quite correctly called "special rights." But the liberal media saw their usefulness readily enough. Mr. Goldwater could be elevated by their praise into a sower of discord in conservative ranks. Thus the *Sacramento Bee*: "He said what a lot of Republicans probably thought but didn't dare utter: that the GOP platform was mean-spirited and divisive . . . ."

Reading these self-interested media tributes, I must confess to a strong temptation to be mean-spirited myself. Let me yield to it for just a single sentence: "To judge from the tributes in the mainstream press, in particular the *New York Times*, Senator Goldwater was a biological miracle: the only recorded case of a man whose mind had been improved by senility."

There! I feel better now. Back to balance and moderation.

Most conservatives will read the praise lavished on the senator in press obituaries with a jaundiced eye as the tribute that vice is perfectly happy to pay to abandoned virtue. Will other conservatives profit from Goldwater's example and learn to love the media? Say it ain't so, Pat. □

Missing Man

MATTHEW SCULLY

PHOENIX

WHEN the cheering stopped, the loser of the 1964 election held up better than the winner. Our last images of Lyndon Johnson, who would also have been 89 this year, are of a spent force, a wreck of a man who had lost interest in a world he couldn't bully or manipulate, and met death racked by fears of how history would judge him. Barry Goldwater went on to another three terms in the Senate, and in 1986 came back here to contented retirement and all those hobbies he had pursued since boyhood—the ham radio, flying, camping, photography, astronomy. The last few years found him absorbed in building little model airplanes, and if he ever worried about his place in history the moment went unrecorded. Whatever Goldwater had that LBJ didn't, it cost him a few million votes but it sure seemed to make for a happier life.

After his death on May 29 the Arizona papers ran special editions and long retrospectives filled with quotes. My favorite was an excerpt from a diary he kept on a 1940 expedition down the Colorado River. "Up there on the wall," Goldwater wrote one night, encamped near a mountain called Bright Angel, "I see a face created by moonlight and shadows that looks like an old bewigged English judge. It reminds me to judge my life gently, for life has dealt with me in that manner and has been generous, besides. First with my mother, whom I would have had in mind had I been the one to name Bright Angel, then my father, then Carolyn and Bob, and now Peggy with her trio of blessings. My opinion,

Mr. Scully is a writer living in Herndon, Virginia.

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'I'm going to ask that my ashes be dumped in the Grand Canyon. That's as good a place as any I know.'

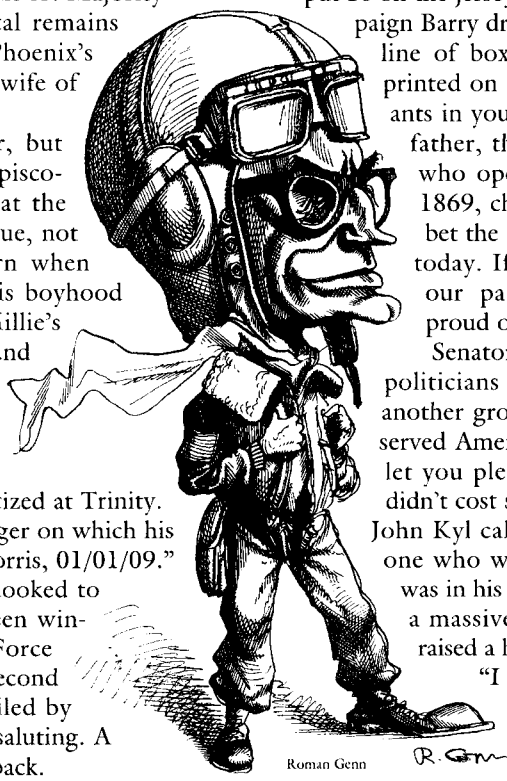
after a careful review of my case, compels me to judge myself as possessor of a full and happy past, a future more rosy than our sunset tonight, with a present more clear and sparkling than the sky that now becomes my blanket. Good night."

Reading that you can see why the landslide of '64 never touched him.

There was some question before the June 3 funeral about his final resting place. A *Scottsdale Tribune* reporter asked Goldwater two years ago what epitaph he would choose for himself: "Epitaph, like on a tombstone? I don't even know that I want a tombstone. I'm going to ask that my ashes be dumped in the Grand Canyon. That's as good a place as any I know." Why have your ashes locked up in some urn when you can spread out across the land, borne onward by desert winds and the waters of the Colorado? Freedom!

This was the plan, but the thought of "dumping" dear old Barry into the chasm was too much for a lot of people, who wanted a place to visit and a marker to point to. Majority rule prevailed, and at last report his mortal remains were bound for a little cemetery behind Phoenix's Christ Church of the Ascension, where his wife of 51 years, Peggy, was laid to rest in 1985.

He didn't want a church funeral, either, but there was a two-day visitation at Trinity (Episcopal) Cathedral, a Spanish-colonial church at the corner of West Roosevelt and Central Avenue, not quite two blocks from where he was born when Arizona was still a territory. The site of his boyhood home at 710 Central is now occupied by Millie's Flowers and Gifts, only Millie is gone too and the place is now an abandoned warehouse waiting to be demolished as Phoenix's downtown spreads northward. Back when the city's population was 10,000, Barry, brother Robert, and sister Carolyn were baptized at Trinity. In a display case you could see the parish ledger on which his arrival was first noted: "Goldwater, Barry Morris, 01/01/09."



The flag-draped casket was still on what looked to be a hospital gurney—the difference between winning and losing the Presidency—with Air Force honor guards at his side and his beautiful second wife, Susan, sitting up front as mourners filed by touching the flag, whispering good-byes, or saluting. A local anchorwoman was praying a few rows back.

Everybody has been dusting off his old Goldwater stories, and sitting there in the church I was glad I had my own. He came through Ohio in the fall of '64. I was five, and in an excess of zeal, inspired by a cigarette ad of the day, my mother had used eye shadow to paint black eyes on my older brother and me. A paper plate pinned on Chris's chest proclaimed, "Goldwater: I'd Rather Fight than Switch," with my paper plate adding a menacing "Me, too!" A campaign aide spotted us in the crowd, and the two cutie-pies were ushered up to the platform for a kiss from Mrs. Goldwater and a triumphant pose with the candidate.

It's all a blur except the hand: As we were led away, suddenly this big bronze paw appeared before my eyes, and I looked up at that handsome face with the silver hair, horn-rims, firm jaw, and crooked smile. It has been a case of abject hero-worship ever since. I'll always see him just that way, the picture of manhood.

I think he would have approved of the funeral, held at Arizona State University. Especially that "missing-man" fly-over just before it started. At 1:00 P.M. a white hearse arrived and the casket was carried forward by an honor guard to a 21-gun salute. Just then four F-16s roared in from nearby Luke Air Force Base, one listing off to go its own way. Having never seen the ritual before I reacted perfectly: looking right and left to follow the missing man while, of course, he had gone upward, so that squinting into the sun you could only hear the sound fade away.

The finest eulogy came from Barry's younger brother, Robert, who told hilarious stories from their boyhood, like the time Barry came running up all excited about forming a parish basketball team ("And we'll have uniforms and we'll put Ps on the jerseys for Piscopalian!") or the ad campaign Barry dreamed up for the Goldwater store's line of boxer shorts with a pattern of ants printed on them ("You'll rant and dance with ants in your pants"). He recalled their grandfather, the Jewish immigrant from Poland who opened the first Goldwater store in 1869, choking up a little as he ended: "I'll bet the old peddler would be proud of him today. If he hasn't already, he'll be seeing our parents soon, and I'll bet they're proud of him. And we're proud of him."

Senator John McCain reflected that most politicians gain power by advancing one or another group interest, but "Barry Goldwater served America, all of America, a country that let you pledge any damn thing as long as it didn't cost someone else their liberty." Senator John Kyl called it a privilege "to know someone who was as obvious in his virtues as he was in his opinions." Then Robert Tree Cody, a massive Dakota Indian and flute soloist, raised a hand toward the casket and declared: "I sing this song to a great man. This man, his heart was good. You are with the elders now, you are a chief. I, Thunderbird, have spoken."

The way Thunderbird said this, you believed every word of it, and for their sake let's just hope the elders are ready. Their high councils will never be the same.

They played "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and finally we came to the committal prayer, that terrible moment in funerals when you realize that you haven't really said good-bye yet, and now it is time. It fell to Rabbi Albert Plotkin to say the words: "Oh, God, full of compassion, thou who dwellest on high, grant perfect peace unto the soul of Barry Morris Goldwater who has gone unto eternity. God of mercy, bring him under the cover of thy wings, that this soul be bound up as a bond of eternity. . . . Go thy way, for the Lord has called thee. Go thy way, for the Lord is with thee. Shalom. Shalom. May you rest in peace. Amen." □

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TO: chattyken@specialprosc.deptjust.gov
FROM: tippertop@aol.com
SUBJ: A very special offer

Ken: Just read that you've been talking "out of turn." This probably means an end to the leaky antics in your office, right? So why not use little old me as your own personal "anonymous server"? Let's just say that I'm an interested party looking to lend a hand. It would help me and my husband a lot—and save us a couple of very cold weekends in Iowa and New Hampshire—if we could "resolve" this Clinton thing quickly and with extreme prejudice. To put it in your language, I'm a "source close to the Clintons." But not that close. Ha ha. Think about it, Ken.

Sincerely,
TipTop

TO: chattyken@specialprosc.deptjust.gov
FROM: biglucianne@compuserve.com
SUBJ: Why didn't you call me???????

Ken: It turns out you've been leaking like . . . well, like a big leaky thing, and all this time I had no idea you were soooo open. So here's the deal: I've got a boilerplate contract allowing me to shop around a book "written" by you. I know, I know—you're busy; we'll get some nice kid who needs the money—or wait a sec! free associating here: How about a tandem thing, kind of a he-said she-said between you and America's other favorite lawyer, John Grisham, with you being the "he" part and Grisham being the "she" part or whatever? Don't pull the nice-Christian-boy thing with me, Ken. You're in there self-promoting like the rest of us, thank God!

Lucianne Goldberg

TO: chattyken@specialprosc.deptjust.gov
FROM: carville@warroom.whitehouse.gov
SUBJ: Call me at home

Ken: You're a dirty lyin' sex-crazed Clinton-hatin' militia-lovin' prosecutor out of control, and MSNBC wants us to debate next Thursday on that show with John Gibson. Call me at home if interested. Also: my agent asked me to ask you if you're happy with your representation. If interested, call me—I think I can help you in that department. Hatin' you,

Jim

TO: carville@warroom.whitehouse.gov
FROM: chattyken@specialprosc.deptjust.gov
SUBJ: RE: Call me at home

Jim: As hard as it is for you to believe, I'm not interested in appearing on MSNBC with you or anyone else. I'm actually quite busy at the moment deciding whether obstruction of justice and perjury are simple enough for the House of Representatives to understand.

But thanks for the offer of an intro to your agent. Can I call you in 10 months?

Ken

TO: biglucianne@compuserve.com
FROM: chattyken@specialprosc.deptjust.gov
SUBJ: RE: Why didn't you call me???????

Dear Lucianne: Although I appreciate your kind offer to "represent" my book, I have a couple of reservations. One, I don't have a book; and two, I think it would be improper for us to have any kind of business relationship. You are, after all, a material witness in a federal probe.

Ken Starr

TO: chattyken@specialprosc.deptjust.gov
FROM: biglucianne@compuserve.com
SUBJ: RE: RE: Why didn't you call me???????

Ken: I love it! I love the Dragnet tone! I love the "man alone" thing! Fabulous! And when you wrote that part about the "federal probe," well, let me tell you, Mr. Ken Starr, that you are a very very sexy man. I'm shopping your book around town and that's that!

Lucianne

TO: tippertop@aol.com
FROM: chattyken@specialprosc.deptjust.gov
SUBJ: RE: A very special offer

Dear "TipTop": Although your offer is tempting, I'm afraid I must turn it down. Your anonymity is, of course, a major reason for my decision; that and your AOL domain name make me wonder if you're not, in fact, a child pornographer stirring up mischief. As difficult as it is to believe, I am not out to "get" either of the Clintons, but am simply following the dictates of the Independent Counsel guidelines. . . . Oh, what the hell. I'll send you what I've got. Go to town with it.

Ken

TO: chattyken@specialprosc.deptjust.gov
FROM: tippertop@aol.com
SUBJ: Message received

Ken: You are now on my buddy list. IM me at any time!!

Tip

37.9% Page 1

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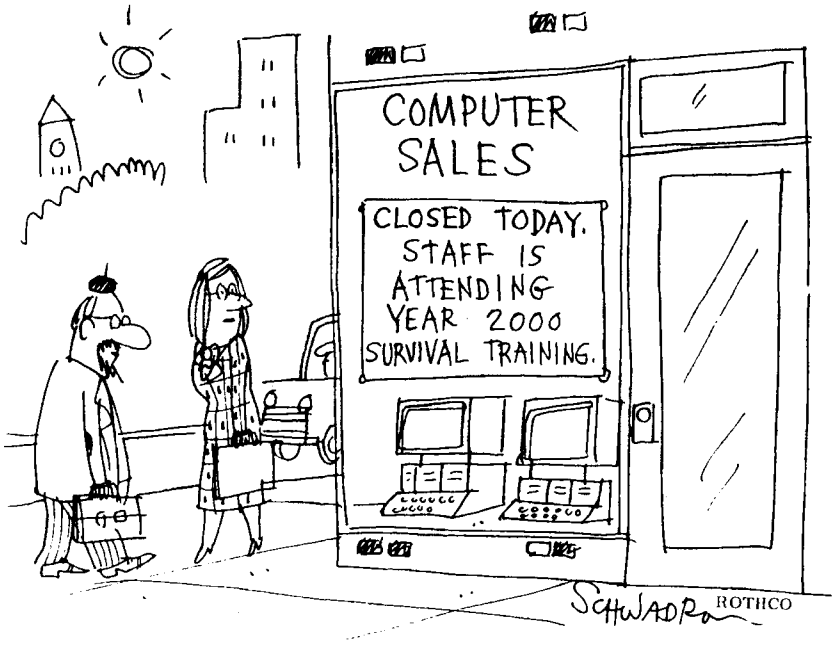
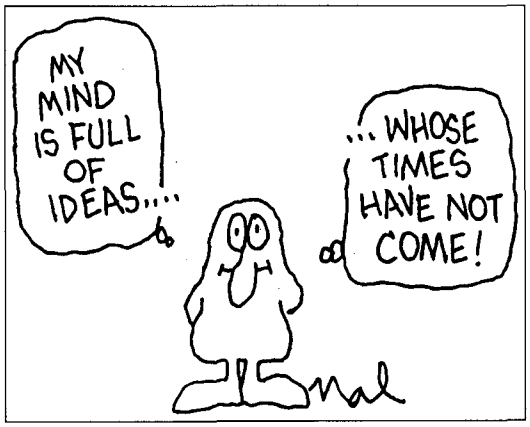
help !!!



Everybody's Shocked

Like Banquo's ghost, Ron Brown's return's
Reviving tics and gastric burns
Among those White House colleagues who,
Relieved to see the hearse pass through,
Now medicate affected parts
And seek the solace booze imparts.

—W. H. von Dreele



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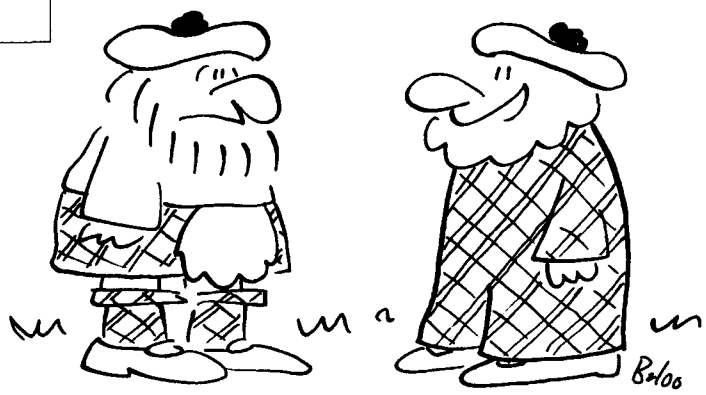

"It's called a 'pantsuit.'"

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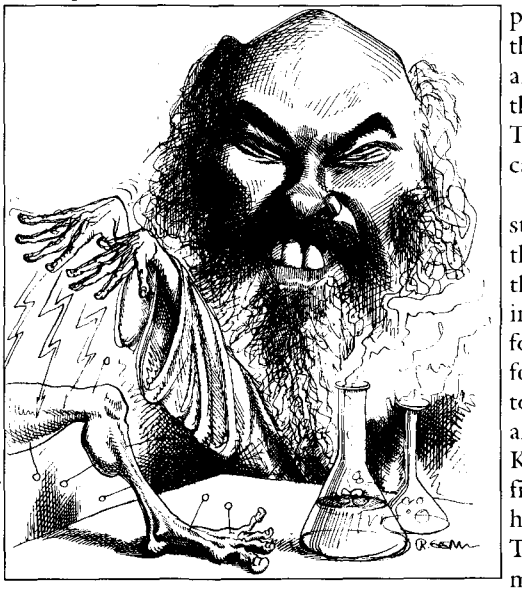
BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

To Heal the Hollow Soul

ANTHONY DANIELS

"STIMULATE the phagocytes!" exclaimed Sir Colenso Ridgeon, the physician of advanced views in George Bernard Shaw's play of 1906, *The Doctor's Dilemma*. Nearly a century later, alternative-medicine gurus such as Dr. Andrew Weil and Dr. Candace Pert are saying more or less the same thing. They are the Colenso Ridgeons of their time.

Of course, when Shaw—himself a monumental health faddist, who believed in the life-preserving properties of Dr. Jaeger's woolen clothes and would wear no others—was writing, stimulation of the phagocytes was a matter of some urgency. The life expectancy of the average citizen in Western countries was somewhat below fifty years, markedly less than that of Central American peasants today. The infant-mortality rate in the London borough in which my father was born a few years later was 125 per thousand—that is to say, one in eight children died before his first birthday. And London was then the healthiest capital in Europe.



But the worldly success of doctors such as Weil—perhaps the most celebrated of the gurus—would have staggered Ridgeon. Weil's books alone, such as *Spontaneous Healing* and *Eight Weeks to Optimum Health*, sell hundreds of thousands of copies; his site on the World Wide Web receives 83,000 hits a day. The appetite for alternative medicine's recipes for perfect health is well-nigh insatiable. Most bookstores devote more shelf space to books about alternative medicine than to books about the entire history of the world. The American public alone spends $14 billion on heterodox remedies. Alternative medicine may be frowned upon by most of the medical profession, but it has now entered the mainstream of American (and Western European) life. To express skepticism about it has become worse than mere ignorance; it is bad taste.

Naturally, our life expectancy is not the only thing which has been transformed in the years between Ridgeon and Weil. The means by which the immune system is to be stimulated have changed out of recognition also. Ridgeon believed in injections of a substance called opsonin; the new gurus believe in hugs, kisses, support groups, meditation, relaxation tapes, aromatherapy, selenium pills, and the Mediterranean diet. Thus for those afflicted by "emotional and spiritual heart disease," Dr. Dean Ornish prescribes "love and intimacy" (see his book *Love & Survival: The Scientific Basis for the Healing Power of Intimacy*). To fight off the aging process, Dr. Deepak Chopra recommends the "traditional medical system" of India, called Ayurveda (*Ageless Body, Timeless Mind: The Quantum Alternative to Growing Old*). Personally, I'd rather have the injections.

That the mind exerts a profound effect upon the body can scarcely be denied. It is within the experience of every doctor that often, when one member of a long-married couple dies, the other soon follows, although he or she may not have been suffering from a life-threatening disease beforehand. No doctor is unaware of the placebo effect, and, contrary to what is sometimes asserted, it has been appreciated for a long time. I knew a country doctor, now over eighty years old, who kept three colored syrups in his office: clear, green, and red. When the clear failed to produce the desired effect, the patient progressed to the green; when that failed, the strongest syrup of them all, the red, was prescribed. Few were the illnesses which did not yield to it. Then, and only then, was real medicine called for.

A belief in a connection between states of mind and states of health is thus not inherently unscientific, nor is the subject itself unworthy of proper investigation; but anyone who therefore supposes that the current vogue for alternative medicine has anything to do with an appeal to rationality has all the cultural sensitivity of, say, a Ku Klux Klansman in Harlem. Dr. Weil's finest argument is not evidence, it is his appearance: could any MD with so Tolstoyan a beard and so simple a mode of dress fail to have achieved enlightenment? In the Gucci-Armani culture, dressing with studied carelessness and indifference is a sign of profundity.

The appeal of alternative medicine is manifold, especially for those who are either completely well or incurably ill. The well have nothing truly to fear, at least at the moment; the incurable can only be pleasantly surprised. Unlike chemotherapy, surgical extirpation, and radiation treatment, hugging, repetition of mantras, and attendance at support

Dr. Daniels is a physician, traveler, and author of Utopias Elsewhere *(Crown).*

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groups are unlikely to do you any harm, beyond possibly wasting your time. And even wasting time is no disadvantage for those who don't know how to fill it anyway.

The first great pleasure of alternative medicine is that it constitutes one in the eye for authority. As we know, it is the duty of every modern, responsible citizen to subvert authority wherever and whenever he may find it: for how else is he to assert the independence of that most glorious, invaluable, and socially indispensable of all his possessions, his own ego? To defer to the judgment of others is a derogation of duty both to oneself and to others; and the idea that all those over-educated, over-trained doctors, pompous, vain, and self-important, may have missed something very significant is grist to the antinomian mill.

But just as those who reject superstition do not cease to act irrationally, so those who reject authority often end up following gurus. Those who inform themselves to the *n*th degree about the potential side-effects of medication prescribed by their doctor, believing that they are thereby exerting their critical faculties, quite happily devote their lives to bizarre diets on the simple say-so of a snake-oil salesman.

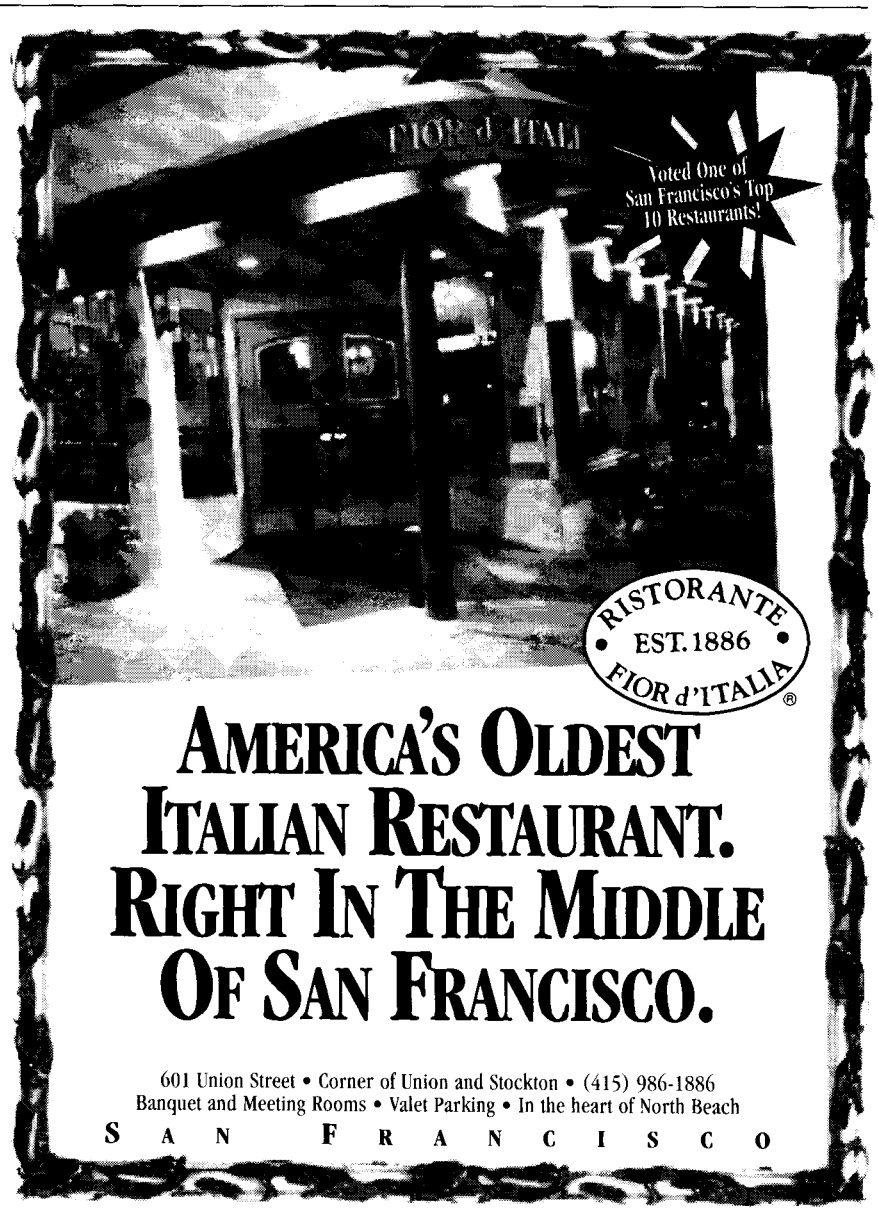
The second great pleasure of alternative medicine is that it reverses the role of the mysterious and the mundane which we experience in conventional medicine. Most of us, when subjected to high-tech medical intervention, do not understand the physics, chemistry, or biology of what is being done to us. The working of an MRI scanner, for example, is as incomprehensible to us as the working of any machine could ever be: yet it is also completely mundane. Its incomprehensibility does not force us to revise our philosophy of life, any more than our ignorance of how a CD player works forces us to do so. The mechanism of an MRI scanner may be mysterious to us, but its effects strike us as ordinary.

By contrast, the tools of alternative medicine are ordinary, but the effects mysterious. Banal activities—e.g., hugging—are said to have the most profound results. This implies that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in orthodox medicine's philosophy. Alternative medicine is thus the hypochondriac's window on the supernatural.

This is why attempts to prove that alternative medicine works are so beside the point. Elucidating the biological mechanism by which a sound mind predisposes to a sound body will simply move the alternative bandwagon on to something else. If ever the recitation of mantras were proved experimentally beyond question to result in lower levels of stress hormones, thus protecting the reciter against many kinds of diseases, mantras would lose their mystic aura and become like the aspirin susceptible people take to ward off heart attacks and strokes.

The consumer of alternative medicine desperately wants this earthly life not to be the only realm of existence that there is. It is no accident, as the Marxists used to say, that publications devoted to alternative medicine are full of advertisements by self-appointed spiritual guides offering not just an end to backache and acne but enlightenment and guided tours of higher, immaterial worlds. In essence, alternative medicine is religion with God removed, a kind of neo-paganism. The advantage of this neo-paganism over traditional religion is that there is no strict doctrine to adhere to, so that the believer is entitled to believe in whatever takes his fancy, from the holy healing power of crystals to the sacred bioenergetic lines on the

It is no accident that publications devoted to alternative medicine are full of advertisements offering not just an end to backache and acne but also guided tours of higher, immaterial realms.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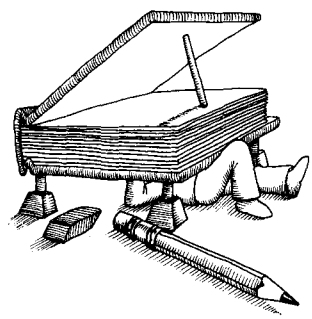
earth's surface. It's right for him if he thinks it is—each person is his own authority. Moreover, neo-paganism prescribes no arduous code of conduct, so that the adherent can continue to behave in any way he chooses. Eating meat or overindulging in chocolate is the nearest the neo-pagan comes (in his own estimation) to sin. He is offered ethics without the possibility of guilt. There is nothing in neo-paganism to obstruct—and indeed there is much to encourage—the most fulminant egotism.

THERE are two prejudices which are virtually universal among advocates and consumers of alternative healing alike. The first is that Nature is benign, and that therefore any form of herbalism is ipso facto superior to the kind of medical practice that uses refined, standardized, and man-made chemicals. The word "natural" in connection with healing is a term of automatic approbation, conjuring up not redness in tooth and claw, but mildness and wisdom. Nature wishes us no harm, which is why she so thoughtfully provides us with so many medicinal herbs.



I once worked in a remote archipelago in which the people, whose culture was fundamentally neolithic, believed that there was a herb for every ailment on the islands, despite a remarkably impoverished flora and much evidence to the contrary. They did not live long by our standards, and when Western medicine arrived, their healers soon enough resorted to sorting through the garbage left by the clinic for remnants of antibiotics to use. It was only in this way that they could preserve their prestige.

The other prejudice universal among advocates and consumers of alternative medicine is that, hidden deep in other cultures, particularly Oriental and American Indian ones, there are secrets of health and longevity that are owing to immemorial spiritual wisdom. The evidence, of course, suggests otherwise: that the astonishing increase during the twentieth century in humanity's individual life expectancy (now approaching seventy on average throughout the world) is wholly—100 per cent—due to the adoption of Western techniques, both medical and non-medical. Immemorial wisdom has nothing to do with it: better nutrition and vaccination have.

This is not to say that the healing practices of other cultures should be ignored: they are worthy of study both for their intrinsic interest and because they may occasionally yield useful drugs. After all, Central European peasants used penicillium molds to treat infected wounds, and the country folk of England used the foxglove (as a source of digitalis) to treat dropsy. But studied in this rational fashion, such practices of other cultures lose their mystic charm; and for every instance of penicillium-mold dressings, there are a hundred goat-dung dressings. Few egregious errors have exercised so tenacious a hold over the human mind as medical ones.

Dr. Weil, interestingly enough, was once an ethnobotanist, a field of study which easily, though not necessarily, accommodates the two prejudices I have outlined: that Nature is beneficent, and that other cultures have immense funds of wisdom when it comes to the preservation of health.

The vague mystical nature of alternative healing leads to a spirituality which is vacuous, shallow, and largely self-centered. One of Dr. Weil's relaxation tapes has the sound of his voice emerging from that of the waves. "My heart fills with loving kindness—I love myself," he intones (the second half of his statement having the ring of truth). "May I be happy. May I be peaceful. May I be liberated. May all beings be happy. May they be peaceful. May they be liberated."

Liberated from what exactly? From rises in interest rates and drops in the stock market? From the IRS? From their mothers-in-law? From the need to go to work every day? From psoriasis? One hears in Dr. Weil's words a response to the perennial but inchoate human yearning to be free of all problems at once: he is playing the same confidence trick as the liberation theologists tried to play on the peasants of Latin America during the 1980s when they spoke to them of total liberation. His words are about as worthy of respect as those of an astrologer who tells a 12th of all humanity that next month is a good one for making decisions. This is not medicine, it is patent medicine.

The root of alternative medicine's popularity is fear: not fear of illness, as it once was, but fear of ontological meaninglessness at a time when genuine religious faith is rare and declining. Is the day-to-day flux of our earthly existence all there is for us, or do our struggles have a transcendent meaning and purpose? Alternative medicine hints at—but does not assert in any doctrinal fashion—the possibility of eternal life. It restores human faith in a moral universe, where one gets one's just deserts. If one hugs enough people, refrains from eating meat, and imbibes enough olive oil, one will live, if not forever, then at least a very long time.

It seems one aspect of healthy living has been overlooked by alternative medicine: the healing power of irony. □

Stealing Djilas

NOEL MALCOLM

THERE must have been many things about Milovan Djilas that Tito found intensely irritating. All dissidents are unwelcome to the rulers of one-party states, but none can be more infuriating than a dissident who has played a vital role in helping to set up that state in the first place.

Djilas was Tito's right-hand man throughout the Second World War, and his trusted negotiator with Stalin in the aftermath of victory. After the Soviet–Yugoslav break-up in 1948, Djilas was the person who thought up the most distinctive new feature of Yugoslav Communism, the economic system of "self-management" (later known to Western observers as "self-mismanagement"). And yet, by the mid 1950s, it was Djilas who was turning into the world's most famous critic of Communist practice, with his scathing attacks on the "New Class" of privileged bureaucrats which Communism had spawned.

The extraordinary productivity of Djilas's pen must have been another

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source of irritation. Although Tito himself was not in the Ceausescu or Hoxha class when it came to multi-volume sequences of ghost-written "collected works," it must have galled him to see that Djilas, equipped with only pencil and toilet paper in his prison cell, was becoming one of Yugoslavia's most prolific authors. Books poured from him: memoirs, treatises, novels, essays, short stories. And, maddeningly, they all got translated into English.

The legacy of Djilas is now being appropriated by one rather dubious element in the Serbian political conflicts of the 1990s.

Milovan Djilas survived his comrade-turned-jailer by 15 years, living long enough to witness the destruction of the state which the two of them had labored so hard to create. And now, three years after his death, there comes the English translation of the last volume to be published under his name, *Fall of the New Class*. If this book were—as its title might seem to imply—a full-length analysis of the final collapse of Communism, it could have been one of the most important things he wrote.

But appearances are deceptive. This book is largely a mish-mash of bits and pieces from previously published works. As an anthology of Djilas's writings, it does at least partially illustrate the development of his ideas, displaying some of their weaknesses as well as their strengths. But for those who are prepared to engage in a little literary detective work, it may also serve another purpose: it shows how Djilas's legacy is now being appropriated by one rather dubious element in the Serbian political conflicts of the 1990s.

Fall of the New Class: A History of Communism's Self-Destruction, by Milovan Djilas, edited by Vasilije Kalezic, translated by John Loud (Knopf, 383 pp., $30)

Detective work is made necessary by the translator and annotator of this book, John Loud, who has managed to

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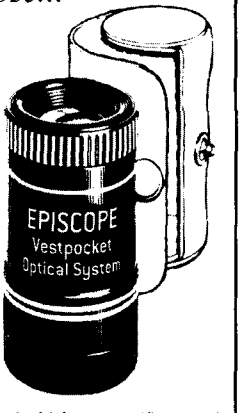

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obscure the origins of several of the items in it. Two whole chapters, for example, consist of extracts from Djilas's famous book of World War II memoirs, *Wartime*; the translator fails to mention the source in one case, and only vaguely acknowledges it in the other.

Two further chapters here are extracts from another major work by Djilas, *Rise and Fall*. The translator's notes indicate that roughly 25 pages of that book have been used here; the true figure is more like 50. And another chapter contains 30-odd pages of Djilas's most famous theoretical work, *The New Class*; the origin of this material is never mentioned.

Some of the later sections of the present book consist of articles written by Djilas for the Yugoslav press. In the Serbo-Croat edition of this book (Belgrade, 1993), the original dates of publication were printed at the end of each article. A piece entitled "Gorbachev's Leninist Illusions," for example, was dated July 1989. In this translation, however, the dates are omitted, and some verbs are silently re-jigged: "Gorbachev . . . is not without flaws which may prove fatal" appears here as "Gorbachev . . . was not without flaws which proved fatal." Moderately interesting prescience is thus converted into utterly banal retrospection.

While the translator's activities are perplexing enough, the real detective puzzle here concerns the original compilation of these materials, which were put together by a Serbian literary scholar, Vasilije Kalezic. As he emphasizes in an interview with Djilas printed here, Kalezic is also a close friend of Dobrica Cosic, novelist, politician, and godfather of modern revanchist Serbian nationalism.

Broadly speaking, the ideologists in Belgrade have divided, in recent years, into two camps—Communist and nationalist. The underlying purpose of this book seems to have been to manipulate the legacy of Milovan Djilas, not only by presenting him as an out-and-out anti-Communist, but also by carefully excising his own criticisms of Serbian nationalism.

The long extracts from his book *Wartime* printed here, for example, omit crucial passages where Djilas discusses the guilt of the Serbian nationalist "Cetniks," the Serb quisling General Nedic, and the fascist Serbian leader Dimitrije Ljotic. A section in which Djilas attacks the idea of creating special territorial units for the ethnic Serbs of Croatia is also, significantly, dropped.

It's true that Djilas was still alive when this selection was made. Maybe, as a very old man, he did not notice everything that was being done with his texts. Or perhaps, in 1993, he felt that attacking Communism was still the most important task at hand, because of the role of the Communist apparatchik Slobodan Milosevic in organizing the murderous assault on Bosnia. (Milosevic has made use of Serbian nationalism, but in broad ideological terms he has always belonged to the Communist tradition, not the Cetnik one.)

For better or worse, then, the new material in this book—new to American readers, anyway—consists of various journalistic commentaries, written in the last twenty years or so, on the failings of Communism and Communist politicians. As in his previous critiques, Djilas is anti-Communist, but not radically so: what he attacks is not so much the ideal as the implementation. He never ceased to regard Marx himself as an enthusiast for human freedom.

The use of terror, he thought, was un-Marxist. The creation of a totalitarian state, likewise, was a betrayal of Marx. What all this suggests is that Djilas had never thought very deeply about Marx's fundamental opposition to liberal democracy.

Indeed, the idea that some kind of original ideal could be salvaged from the wreck of real existing Communism was precisely the delusion on which Gorbachev's political project eventually foundered. Djilas, who shared that delusion, was therefore ill placed to explain the real nature of Communism's collapse. This book tells us little about the fall of the old ideology—though the way it was put together may tell us something, disturbingly, about the rise of a new one. □

Mr. Malcolm's most recent book, Kosovo: A Short History, *was published in May by New York University Press.*

Getting Real

JAMES GARDNER

TO an almost unnatural degree, Richard Price's writing is marked by a quality that is known as "street cred." Street cred is what allows a man to pass unscathed through the mean streets of the big city. It is the possession of those who can walk the walk and talk the talk. It's an ugly world out there and Mr. Price is giving it to us straight.

Like his previous novel, *Clockers*, *Freedomland* takes place in the fictional town of Dempsey, New Jersey, a crime-ridden black ghetto, the occupants of whose housing projects lead lives of not always quiet desperation. Into this storm field comes a young white woman, Brenda Martin, claiming that she was attacked by a black carjacker and that her four-year-old son was in the car when the man drove off. Obviously she is loosely based on Susan Smith, who drowned her two children and said a black man had abducted them. Trying to get to the heart of what really happened are the two other main characters in this densely populated novel, Jesse Haus, a neurotic female reporter hungry for a scoop, and Lorenzo Council, a police detective who grew up in the projects and is trying to stave off the race riot that might ensue from the allegations.

Freedomland, by Richard Price (Broadway, 546 pp., $25)

Freedomland is one of the least poetic novels of the decade. Though many recent novelists have been obsessed with depicting the gritty underside of urban life, they have often sought and sometimes found a savage poetry in it all the same. Nothing could be farther from Price's intention or practice. Only once in this long novel does he indulge in anything like lyricism, in a scene that takes place in an abandoned amusement park shaped like the continental United States and modeled on the now defunct theme park known as Freedomland. Clearly the author sees this scene as pivotal, containing the message of the novel. It consists of yet another dewy-eyed evocation of a lost America overwhelmed by the unlovely reality of all that we have become, etc., etc. It must

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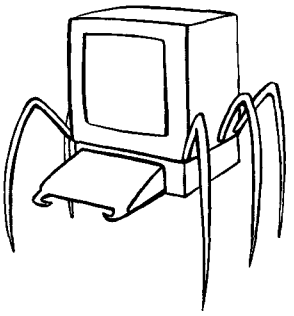
be said that this theme was fairly mediocre even before it was worked to death, and it has preoccupied our highly regarded novelists, among them Updike, DeLillo, and Pynchon, to an almost ridiculous degree of late.

Though many recent novelists have been obsessed with the gritty underside of urban life, they have often found a savage poetry in it all the same.

Other than this one spasm of poetry, however, Price is all prose. Aside from his superb ear for ghetto English, cop English, and social-worker English, he uses language to provide information in order to fill in details and to move the action where he wants it to go. *Freedomland* is thus one of the least "written" novels to attract attention in several years. This saves Price from some of the annoying stylistic ticks of other big-name novelists of the moment. At the same time, for all the journalistic realism to which he aspires, he can be a little too sparing with details. He will elaborate a conversation at times to the point of tedium, but he overlooks the need to describe the participants and their surroundings except in the most perfunctory way. In almost a quarter of a million words, we never quite learn what the protagonist, Lorenzo Council, really looks like, aside from his being large, heavy, and asthmatic.

The most surprising thing of all about Price is that, despite his "gritty realism," in the end he's a humanist and a sentimentalist. There is something admirable in this, in a culture that grows more cynical by the hour. Still, the ultimate decency of virtually everyone in the novel seems a little too pat. Now, it is one thing to believe that a man can have good and bad elements thrown together within himself, and that the good may outweigh the bad. Two brilliant examples of such characters are the eponymous protagonists of Oliver Stone's *Nixon* and of Robert Duvall's *The Apostle*. Mr. Price's characters, on the other hand, are all fundamentally good, with a few specks of dirt thrown in so as to avoid making them seem like types. It is revealing that the most impressively realized character in the novel, although she appears only once, is Brenda's mother, a sharp-tongued, bitchy, clearly imperfect woman. She is not important enough to the novel to receive even a complimentary dollop of goodness, and she is the more compelling for that reason.



It transpires well past the halfway point of *Freedomland* that as in the Susan Smith case, Brenda Martin has faked the carjacking and is in fact guilty of murdering her child. In saying this, I have given away something and given away nothing.

It is a point all too rarely made that a work of narrative art, whether film, novel, or opera, is created by its author to unfold as if the public were approaching it in a state of complete ignorance of what it is about. But in fact, we invariably know a great deal in advance, whether from blurbs, reviews, flap copy, or publicity. Thus it is unfortunate that Mr. Price should go to such lengths to delay the revelation of what we all know from the beginning—namely that Brenda Martin will prove to be guilty of the crime at the heart of this novel—and then to suppose that he is springing a surprise on us. The plot necessarily loses some of its force and conviction in the light of this fact.

Which brings me to my main criticism of the novel. Though it is tedious to have to make the same point I have made elsewhere in these pages, *Freedomland*, like many other present-day novels, is simply too long. Our American literary culture seems largely to subscribe to what we might call the Manhattan Telephone Directory school of criticism, whereby anything over five hundred pages, as long as it is not by Stephen King, Norman Mailer, or Herman Wouk, is a "masterpiece." Now unlike other conspicuously long-winded novelists—mostly men, as it happens—Price is usually interesting and deft. But in reading *Freedomland*, one can never expel the nagging suspicion that he refuses to condense a scene when he can expand it, or to consolidate his many characters

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when he can cause them to proliferate unnecessarily. What results is a somewhat flabby and vaporous over-elaboration of the obvious. And it is only through Mr. Price's compensating virtues of dialogue and, yes, what we might call his rare sense of human decency, that he overcomes this difficulty to create a novel that, in spite of its weak points, remains worth reading. □

CITY DESK

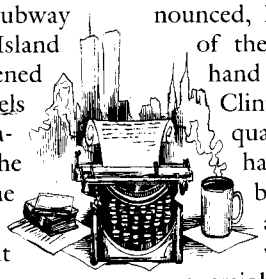
Keeping Time

RICHARD BROOKHISER

THE city is supposed to be an interesting place, which is why people move here, or run away here. Recently one of the tabloids wrote about two 14-year-olds from Byesville, Ohio, who decided it was up to you, New York, New York, to make their lives vivid. They bolted here, but were retrieved. The paper ran a picture: stolid girl, boy under a billed cap worn backward. "There's nothing to do in Byesville," the girl explained. "The boys skateboard, and the girls watch." That struck me as acute, until my wife asked, "Are there no books in Byesville?"

You can read anywhere in America. Obviously there are more books here. But every town has some Shakespeare, and every truck stop a Bible. Access to classic writing falls on a continuum; everyone has something. Another, less hopeful continuum is decreasing access to classical music. Everyone has less.

Once again New York occupies the rich end of the spectrum. I met my wife in a group that sings religious music of the Renaissance on streets, in subway stations, and on the Staten Island Ferry. That couldn't have happened in Byesville. Still New York feels the pinch: the classical-music stations that play Classics Lite; the user-friendly concerts where the accommodating musicians chat about the music they are about to play, even if they don't have anything to say. If, as Edna St. Vincent Millay wrote, music is our rampart, and our only one, the rampart is being trimmed.



Every year, my wife and I buy a series of chamber-music concerts at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which has a fine, snug concert hall: bigger than Prince Esterhazy's living room, smaller than the Meadowlands. When we first went, a dozen years ago, we were by far the youngest people in the crowd. My hair has not grown any darker or thicker, and so I must be catching up, but it is still an old group. Orthodox churches in the Soviet Union were always filled with old women. Why? Because they already had their pensions, and there was nothing the state could do to punish them for worshipping. So new crops of young old women kept replacing the old old women who died off. Will a similar process happen at the Metropolitan? Maybe, unless the infrastructure of aspiration—all the upright pianos in living rooms, all the plaster busts of Chopin, Mozart, and scowling Beethoven that piano teachers used to award—has collapsed. The gods of music have fewer resources for reaching the human heart than God; who will turn to them later in life without early force-fed acquaintance?

That is a civic-minded thought. At the Metropolitan, I view my fellow greyheads as competitors for my seat—which, after a dozen years of my wife's early calling when the season is announced, has reached the front row of the orchestra, on the right-hand aisle. Throughout the Clinton era, whenever a string quartet has played there, I have been able to study the back of the violist's head and the bow tie of the first violin. Through some oversight I found myself at one concert this season in Row G. I might as well have been in New Jersey.

One attraction of the string quartet is the size of the ensemble—too big to showcase a diva, but still small enough to allow awareness of individuality. A string quartet is neither a monologue, nor a cheering section, but a conversation among four people, or four parts of one psyche. This season the Guarneri Quartet, regulars at the Metropolitan, devoted themselves to the psyche of Beethoven. Most of the great composers from Mozart to Bartók wrote string quartets, and most of them wrote a lot of quartets. None burrowed into the form as deeply as Beethoven. At the end of the tunnel he unearthed his last five quartets, music that is forever modern, though it was contemporary with John Quincy Adams. Hearing them for the third or fourth time, I find the outlines growing familiar, even as the details grow stranger. Why this, here and now? The slow movements, lyrical and sad, make the most sense: farewells to the instruments, the form, and the world.

Two 14-year-olds from Byesville, Ohio, decided it was up to you, New York, New York, to make their lives vivid.

They are grateful farewells. We have done many things together. As I leave you I bless you.

You can get all this from CDs. But hearing these unearthly pieces played by live musicians, and by the same musicians over the years, ties them to the world again. The hair of the members of the Guarneri Quartet has followed the same color curve as mine. Watching them in the last few years, I have realized how physically demanding performance is. Imagine supporting a light box with your left shoulder and left arm, while the right arm makes repeated sweeping motions—for decades. If you replaced their bows with saws they would have felled a woods by now. One year, the first violinist, Arnold Steinhardt, was ill and missed most of the concerts. They never announced what was wrong; I wouldn't want to know; anything beyond the music and the bow tie feels like prying. When he returned, they played Beethoven's Op. 132, whose slow movement is inscribed "Song of thanksgiving to the Godhead, on my recovery." Beethoven, Steinhardt, me. Let's hope we give thanks when there is no recovery. We're all in this together: one reason to keep classical music alive, in the city, and in Byesville. □

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FILM I

Bayzilla

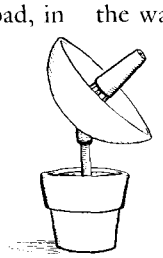
JONAH GOLDBERG

IT'S official: *Godzilla* is a box-office disappointment. The critics hate it, which was to be expected. But what killed the beast was terrible word of mouth. Even lifelong *Godzilla* fans like myself are baffled by the fact that the producers of *Independence Day* could fail with $150 million where a bunch of Japanese guys with a rubber suit and some toy tanks succeeded.

Nevertheless. Here's a prediction: this movie about a big green monster will prove to be a major international hit, for reasons not unrelated to its lackluster American performance.

Godzilla is the latest, biggest manifestation of a troubling dynamic working its way through American popular culture. More and more, Hollywood is catering to its customers, and they are not us.

For years, Europeans—most notably the French—have explained the commercial triumph of American over European cinema, both here and abroad, in terms of two factors: bigger markets and better marketing. Their argument in brief says that our film industry is massively profitable thanks to the economies of scale implicit in a domestic market of 260 million people. More money means more flashy American movies crowding out foreign (read: more deserving) films. Secondly, because of our vast heterogeneous population, America has, out of necessity, mastered the art of mass marketing.



Though there are several more powerful explanations for Hollywood's success (such as that American movies about war and love are simply better than art-house films about chance encounters in used-book stores), there has always been a bit of truth to the Euro-analysis. America's melting-pot culture has long required writers and producers to aim for the broadest possible audience. Cultural handwringers lament—often correctly—that this results in an industry which appeals to the lowest common denominator. Yet, on the whole, our culture has yielded the most imaginative films, the most dynamic music, and a Golden Age of television stretching from the Fifties to the Nineties (albeit with a brief and terrible interlude, the Seventies).

Until lately, Euro-criticism of American cinema was notable for the way it tickled our feet when we stomped on it with our blockbusters. But now we may have stepped into something we didn't plan on: the global economy. Globalization is a great thing for American-made computer chips and automobiles. But it may not be for pop culture. The best widget is the best widget—here or in Indonesia; but the best movie for them is not necessarily the best movie for us.

There is gold in them thar ancillary markets, and American writers and producers are not above climbing over the domestic audience to get it. Neither, by the way, are European filmmakers. The best evidence of this is the parade of horribles which sporadically emerge from the EU. Aided by various arts commissions, film councils, and other organs of cultural welfare, these films-by-committee try to please everyone and therefore please no one—although the costumes do look very pretty.

In search of international audiences, American film and TV producers take a more pragmatic approach: Kill the dialogue, murder the plot. Question (to paraphrase Pat Buchanan): Which is more likely to be understood by both a million Brits and a million Chinese? a) *My Dinner with André*; or b) *The Three Stooges*? Hence *Godzilla*, where the roaring (by Godzilla) upstages the talking (by Matthew Broderick and Jean Reno) and the story line consists largely of the lizard being chased by helicopters through Manhattan streets, shredding skyscrapers as it goes.

Violence and sex, two of the most fun things to watch, are immediately understandable to pretty much any culture in

Mr. Goldberg is a writer and television producer in Washington, D.C.

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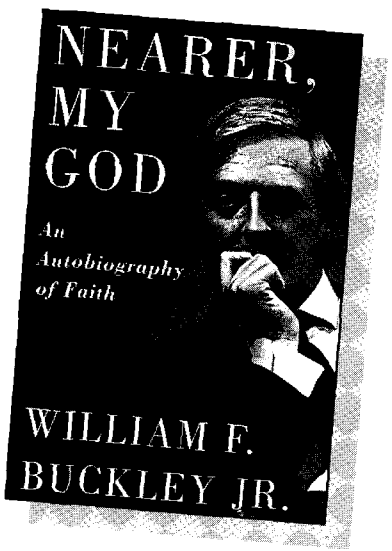

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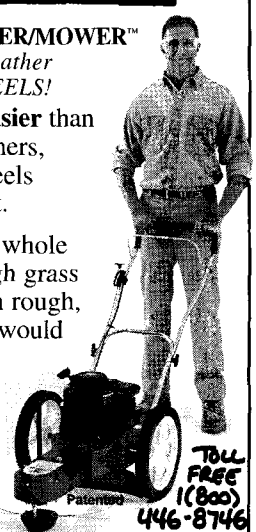

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the world. Complex story lines, intricate and subtle characterization, and high-minded themes are too jagged-edged and bulky to slide through the sluices of our culture-processing plants in Hollywood. It isn't by accident that international action stars and their vehicles aren't known for their nuance. Call it the Planet Hollywood rule: If a co-owner of a Planet Hollywood has his name above the title of a given film, you need not worry about missing a crucial plot point or a St. Crispin's Day speech if you run to the bathroom.

Foreigners will love Godzilla *not only for the sparseness of its dialogue and plot line, but also for its fundamentally anti-American nature.*

Recent films that ratchet down plot and dialogue, with an eye toward global appeal, are legion. One thinks of the *Jurassic Park* films. Virtually all of Sylvester Stallone's pre–*Cop Land* oeuvre could easily be enjoyed by the hearing-impaired. *The Fifth Element* (a French co-production) was a glory to the eye but an embarrassment to the mind. The *Batman* movies are increasingly movies without a nation, while of course Schwarzenegger action films have long been international events.

Television was slow to learn this lesson, but it caught on with a passion. The best example is one of TV's worst shows, and one of my favorites: *Baywatch*. Originally a CBS evening soap, the show eventually proved too inane even for network television, which, presumably, insisted on a certain level of dialogue and plot. But, once the feeding tubes supplying subsistence levels of romantic treacle and semi-believable plot were removed, *Baywatch* thrived in first-run syndication. Now the "most-watched show in the world" has shed any pretense of being anything but a 52-minute commercial for placed products, starting most prominently with breast implants but continuing on to every name brand in the global souk.

Unless you have watched the program recently (and sometimes over and over again) it is difficult to imagine the vapidity of the content. Vast segments are simply music videos, often without lyrics. After all, words might curb the sales of ancillary rights in Sri Lanka. The California beach where *Baywatch* takes place is more dangerous than the flight deck of an aircraft carrier or Sarajevo after dark. There are hourly drownings, boat explosions, mob hits, drug deals, muggings, gang wars, giant man-eating octopi, sharks, and chemical spills, plus diving, motorcycle, jet-ski, automobile, helicopter, climbing, and of course surfing accidents. And yet everyone keeps that cool, laid-back California attitude, nobody stops going to the beach, and nobody dares put on a pair of pants. In short(s), *Baywatch* employs the visual vocabulary of the Universal Horny Teenager.

HOW then should we, as Americans, feel about this all-new force for cultural dumbing down? There's no need to be outraged at entertainment products like *Baywatch*. After all, the idea behind the show exceeds in venerability Aristotle's theory of aesthetics: people like looking at nearly naked very attractive people running on beaches. All the explosions and gangs are convenient devices to get Pamela Anderson to run more. I'm rooting for the explosions.

Godzilla, however, and whatever spawn its international success may produce are another story. Foreigners will love this film not only for the sparseness of its dialogue and plot line, but also for its fundamentally anti-American nature.

It is important to remember that *Godzilla* was always based on an anti- and un-American concept. The first, black-and-white *Gojira*, released in Japan in 1954, was a cautionary tale about mankind's folly in releasing the horrors of the atom. The Americans were implicit villains because we had dropped the Big One, opening Pandora's box. The explicit victims were, obviously, the Japanese—still in a state of denial about deserving to have the Big One dropped on them.

Americans have never really cottoned on to the we-deserve-to-get-our-butts-kicked school of movie-making. Nevertheless, *Godzilla* and its 14 sequels were fairly popular in America. We have never made a monster movie based on our national victimhood, but our sense of Schadenfreude allows us to enjoy such works by and about others.

But in the new *Godzilla*, the Japanese are largely absent. This time it's the Americans who play the clods. The villains are, of all people, the French (their nuclear tests in Polynesia create the modern beast). And in a twist as unbelievable as a 120-foot fire-breathing monster destroying New York City, the omnicompetent and super-brave heroes are also French.

Now, making the French ("cheese-eating surrender monkeys," according to one character in *The Simpsons*) the Rambos of the story, and the Americans the helpless POWs, as it were, is quite simply bizarre.

Unless you take into account why the film was made. With *Independence Day*, *Godzilla*'s producers, Roland Emmerich and Dean Devlin, created a rip-roaring good time in which the Americans, naturally, saved the world from alien invaders. Even though *ID* was an international blockbuster, it still met with considerable criticism and market friction in some countries because of its pro-American plot—as if we should just as logically have expected the Belgians to save the world.

Still, the producers needed an encore. *Godzilla* seemed ideal. *Jurassic Park* proved that giant lizards equal full theaters in America. In Japan, *Godzilla*'s a sure thing, why else make 15 of them? Jean Reno (the mysterious French commando in the movie), although still fairly unknown in America, is huge in Europe and Asia. French nuclear testing in the South Pacific—not that we care—was one of the biggest international issues of the decade, almost bringing down Prime Minister Chirac. Above all, perhaps, there was the attraction of squashing Americans for a change.

Which is why I fear that the logic of *Godzilla* will be applied in the future with increasing frequency: the combination of no plot, no dialogue, lots of bones getting crunched and buildings getting destroyed, all with an anti-American subtext, may be the formula Hollywood has been searching for to really open up those international wallets. I predict that, like so much background nuclear radiation, global market forces will continue to mutate Hollywood's major products. Some intellec-

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tuals cheer the "Americanization" of global culture. Instead, we may be witnessing the globalization of American culture. In a two-superpower Cold War our culture's global appeal was great. In a unipolar world, even our friends might like to see us knocked down a peg or two. Is America prepared for Hollywood to make movies the world loves but we don't? □

FILM II

Idle Idyll

JOHN SIMON

THE idea behind ***The Truman Show*** sounds ingenious. A baby, Truman Burbank, is born in a special enclave—a giant television studio somewhere in California—and grows up inside TV without realizing it. He thinks he is in the real world, but is actually surrounded by actors in the made-for-TV coastal town of Seahaven, which comes complete with pristinely Norman Rockwell houses, fake sun and moon, and a sizable bit of ocean. Everything in Truman's life is fictitious: his job as an insurance salesman, his cheery neighbors, his rough-hewn best friend, and his pretty wife, Meryl, a dedicated nurse.

Jim Carrey does not so much play Truman Burbank as be him, which in any other role might be an asset, but here comes across as stultifying.

The whole thing is the idea of a combination TV producer and mad scientist, Christof, who, from the control room, devises the day's events: when, for example, Truman is to be caught in the rain (a rain that, at first, maladroitly concentrates on him alone), or when his father is to drown in a sailing accident, though not when he is to fall in love with a young woman, Lauren, who wants to clue him in on the truth. Christof has her denounced as psychotic and whisked away; it is given out that she has moved to Fiji.

The idea is to supply American and world TV viewers with an ideal small town, an ideal bunch of down-home folks, an ideal marriage, and the perfect Everyman hero. As we are frequently shown, people the world over watch raptly this idyllic microcosm, this earthly (or unearthly) paradise, with Christof improvising peripeteias to make Truman's life more interesting, but never too disturbing. Right now Truman's chief hope is to get to Fiji, attempts to reach Lauren by phone having, of course, failed. At the travel agency, Truman is told he must book a month in advance, which seems to stump him. Also, pictures on the agency walls show aerial disasters to discourage Truman from flying; I wonder what they use to discourage him from thinking.

For it would take an idiot to be taken in by all this, and if Truman is an idiot, why should we care? But the actors involved in this hoax must be idiots too, to give up their real lives and participate full-time in this imposture. And how much money would it cost to stage such a gigantic charade? (To be sure, commercials are sneaked into the show.) And why would an attractive young actress become Meryl and be actually married to this dunce of a Truman?

The one believable thing about *The Truman Show* is Jim Carrey. If ever there was a Plasticman whose life could be pumped into him from the outside, he is it. In fact, he does not so much play Truman as be him, which in any other role might be an asset, but here comes across as stultifying.

Obviously, Andrew Niccol, who wrote the thing, and Peter Weir, who directed it, had something bigger in mind. Seahaven has to be at the very least America, with some kind of evil power pulling the strings—the media,

(Continues on page 57)

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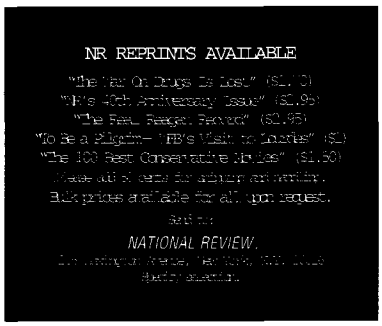

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SIMON

(Continued from page 59)

big business, government, or even (gulp) God. As played by Ed Harris in a beret and rather monastic-looking suit, Christof is a quietly sinister despot with a pained expression of blue-eyed disbelief when things don't quite go his way, rare as that is. But what should please him particularly is that this hare-brained movie he is in threatens to become a huge success.

Laura Linney is getting typecast as the smart, sleek blonde who is a real operator underneath, but would even such a one want to be bedmate to Jim Carrey? Natascha McElhone is appealing as Lauren, and Holland Taylor contributes her usual cool savvy to Truman's mother. Dennis Gassner's production design looks appropriately phony, and Peter Biziou's cinematography is suitably high-gloss, though why we need constant reminders from a kind of framing effect that we are looking at Truman through a hidden camera lens, or, as we learn, five thousand of them, I cannot say.

The score is fancy indeed: Mozart, Chopin, Brahms, Philip Glass, as well as some lesser lights (if anything can be lesser than Glass), plus some original music by Burkhard Dallwitz, who does rather better than some of the dull wits involved in the film. Is there anything more pitiful than a good idea fallen into the wrong hands?

■ A small film of considerable mischievous charm is The Opposite of Sex, written and directed by Don Roos. His screenplays, from Love Field, through Single White Female, to Boys on the Side, have been getting better all the time, and it's a sad comment on Hollywood that, in twenty years there, Roos has had only four screenplays produced.

This is the first time he has also directed, and the result augurs well. The Opposite of Sex concerns Dedee, a rebellious 16-year-old who runs away from a dismal life with mother and stepfather in a Louisiana backwater and seeks out, unannounced, her half-brother, Bill, a high-school English teacher in South Bend, Indiana. She doesn't know that Bill is homosexual, that he was deeply in love with Tom, who died of AIDS, but is now living with a new lover, Matt. Staying in their tastefully appointed house is Lucia, Tom's spinsterish sister, whose immediate dislike for Dedee is not hard to fathom.

Dedee has unusual taste in boyfriends. In Louisiana, Randy, who lived up to his name, had only one testicle. In South Bend, she vamps Matt and, before long, is between the sheets with her gentle brother's lover. Bill is such a sweetheart that when he discovers a rude graffito about himself in the school lavatory, instead of administering correction to the scribe, he merely corrects the grammar on the wall. No wonder he also lovingly preserves Tom's ashes in an urn.

Matt, however, has impregnated Dedee and, relishing impending fatherhood, decides to elope with her. They steal Bill's savings and—to be used as a deterrent if necessary—Tom's ashes. Meanwhile Jason, an earlier lover of Bill's, unjustly accuses Bill of sexual harassment, causing trouble for him at his school. So Bill and Lucia set out in search of the runaways, who can disprove Jason's charges. Following them, in turn, is Carl Tippett, the local sheriff and a friend eager to help, who ends up falling for Lucia.

It gets even more complicated than that, but it works—partly because it is all narrated by Dedee with lusciously irreverent bitchiness; partly because the dialogue is, almost too relentlessly, witty; and partly because the young cast, under Roos's deft direction, perform like seasoned troupers. Moreover, the film's varied and far-flung locales were recreated in Southern California with stunning success.

What spices things up is political incorrectness. "He was one of those ACT UP people who think AIDS is a big conspiracy against homos. If it is, it isn't working. There are more of them than ever." Dedee, of course, is speaking. Again: "He made his bed, he can lie in it. If there's room." Or: "This is America, and we are Christians here. Except for a few Jewish people who were born that way." Why, there is even a joke that comes as close as legally possible to impugning Tom Cruise's heterosexuality.

The witticisms, though not all gems, come thick and fast enough to create a liberatingly devil-may-care aura around the characters, and an atmosphere gayer (in the old sense) than the sum of its parts. Christina Ricci, much better here than in the atrocious Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas, makes Dedee's amorality into an inverted innocence, a precocious pseudosophistication that helped her through a rotten childhood and is ultimately rather touching. Martin Donovan is a nicely laid-back Bill, and Lisa Kudrow a surprisingly likable Lucia. Good work, too, from Johnny Galecki, Ivan Sergei, and William Scott Lee; only Lyle Lovett, as Carl, is hopeless. What makes a gifted movie director, or a lovely woman like Julia Roberts, fall for this ugly and untalented man? □

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ON THE RIGHT / Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Barry Goldwater, Bobby Kennedy, RIP

NEW YORK, JUNE 2

It was the week Barry Goldwater died and it was the anniversary (30th) of the assassination of Robert Kennedy. It is natural that the followers of mythmaking figures should labor to perpetuate the memories of their heroes, and it is instructive how this is done.

Consider *Newsweek*. It devotes one page to Barry Goldwater, a well-done page by Matthew Cooper (". . . Goldwater's candor made him beloved. 'He was a little like Bulworth,' said author Sally Quinn, whose parents were among Goldwater's closest friends. 'He said what he thought.' "). But what followed in *Newsweek* was an eight-page encomium to Bobby Kennedy, capped by a one-page elegy by Arthur Schlesinger Jr., the whole thing begging for a little genteel deconstruction.

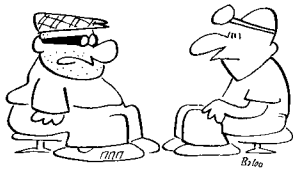
To begin with one asks, What is the legacy of Senator Robert Kennedy? Lee Edwards, writing for the *Wall Street Journal*, ticked off the legacy of Goldwater. That legacy included the election of Ronald Reagan, who served for eight years. Edwards reminds us that it was Goldwater who (36 years ago) called for the elimination of agricultural subsidies, now under way. In 1959 he called for the flat-tax reform now urged by such as Steve Forbes. Goldwater called for a voluntary division in Social Security payments (recently endorsed by Senator Moynihan). And of course (*Why Not Victory?*) he was the bard of the anti-Communist policies that hastened the abolition of the Soviet Union.

The absence of anything in particular traceable to Bobby Kennedy leaves the enchanted with such wisps as Evan Thomas's in *Newsweek*. "We did not realize it at the time, but Kennedy's death three decades ago marked an irrevocable turning point in our hopes and dreams about public life. Before Bobby Kennedy died, Americans still believed in the Arthurian legend, that one man could create a peaceable kingdom." Yawp. Arthur Schlesinger comes in with RFK as "the last hope of traditional politics." This is said to acknowledge his last-minute run for the Presidency in 1968, a mission Kennedy undertook after he digested the poor showing of President Johnson in the New Hampshire primary, this due to a challenge not from Kennedy but from Senator Eugene McCarthy. So then RFK's legacy? "A patriot's demand that the Republic live up to its generous ideals. . . ." In fact the only enduring legacy of Bobby Kennedy is Arthur Schlesinger.

Anthony Lewis of the *New York Times* is in on the canonization. We are informed that when Martin Luther King died, Bobby addressed a black audience that had not yet heard the news. What did he do? He quoted to them from Aeschylus, "from memory." Oh yes, Aeschylus. *Newsweek* tells us that after his brother's assassination RFK "began to question his Catholic faith in a good God." So what did he do? He began "to look elsewhere for meaning. He read Shakespeare and Camus, Emerson and the ancient Greeks, seeking to understand fate."

Good-*ness*. That would have been some legacy, if he had passed along his discovery of fate, having ruled God out of the picture as inadequate. "In a conversation with the poet Robert Lowell, he compared himself to Henry V." That was the Henry who was once a dissolute pleasure-seeker but became, thanks mostly to Shakespeare, the valiant and eloquent conqueror at the battle of Agincourt. Having known Mr. Lowell slightly, I'd have given a great deal to have been a fly on the wall when this exchange took place. "Yes, Senator. I do believe I see your point; you do remind me of Henry V. Forsooth."

What is important is the phenomenon, however brief it was. Mr. Kennedy inspired great devotion in a few very talented intimate associates (they are pictured in *Newsweek* in a single contemporary photograph). Mr. Schlesinger wonders what would have happened if RFK had survived Los Angeles and gone on to the White House. Eudaemonia? *At least.*



"You've gotta help me, Doc. Money is no object!"

By contrast, Lee Edwards is more prosaic. "Barry Goldwater inspired more people, especially young people, to enter politics than any other losing presidential candidate in modern history. Today these no-longer-young conservatives sit in Congress, manage campaigns, head think tanks, edit magazines, and host television talk shows. [Goldwater] was the first ideological presidential candidate of a major political party, placing issues and ideas at the center of his campaign. He was not so much the candidate of a political party as the personification of a political movement."

And of course that movement persists. Indeed candidates fight for the title, Mr. Conservative. □

What's in Hamilton's Notes

NEW YORK, JUNE 9

On the same day the lawyers argued before the Supreme Court on the question of the inviolability of the client–lawyer relationship, CNN's *Crossfire* aired the question. Arguing for sealed-lips-forever, host Bill Press came up with a devastating line, melodramatically flashed upon the screen before its author was identified. The line, taken from an argument filed on behalf of General Motors a few years ago, said that client–lawyer confidentiality was "absolute." Who had written that line? You guessed it: Kenneth Starr.

And, of course, now Starr was arguing the opposite position before the Supreme Court. What the ambushed advocate on the program did was to say that it is a regular practice of attorneys to state the case for their clients as comprehensively as possible, with a view to tactical retreats. Ho ho. What he should have said is that Kenneth Starr was wrong to use that word, "absolute."

Or was he? The American Bar Association and the National Association of Criminal Defense Lawyers are invoking priestly protocols. In the Catholic Church the rule is indeed absolute. If John confesses to Fr. O'Keefe that he killed the girl and the next day an innocent man is scheduled to die, Fr. O'Keefe can't pick up the phone and tell the governor the wrong man is about to be executed. The Supreme Court has to decide whether in the case of *James Hamilton* (Bill Clinton) v. *The United States* (Ken Starr) there are grounds for annulling the client–lawyer privilege, given

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that the client is dead and that the search for the truth is under the circumstances the judicial priority.

The observer's eye follows the ball back and forth and the mind begins to wander from the original question: What on earth is it all about?

1. Immediately on entering the White House, President Clinton ordered the dismissal of the Travel Office, a very big operation. Why did he do this? Was it simply a spoils matter? Take the lucrative operation away from the old set of people and give it to some goodfellas from the home state?

2. Manifestly, the operation was not routine. It isn't yet known exactly who did what to whom and why, but the situation is smelly. We do know that Vincent Foster, White House counsel and intimate friend of Bill Clinton, was greatly upset by it all and sought out his own lawyer, James Hamilton, to discuss the matter.

3. No doubt there are those who believe that the refusal of Mr. Hamilton to turn over his notes is purely a matter of principle, that he'd have refused to turn them over even if Foster had said nothing more than that the cow jumped over the moon. But more practical observers of the scene incline to other interpretations for the dogged silence, and the matter is now in the hands of the Supreme Court.

The Court is operating with blissful freedom inasmuch as on the question of what are the obligations of a lawyer to a dead client there is no federal case law. The D.C. Court of Appeals came down with a divided decision, ordering Hamilton to produce the notes. A state precedent is there that sides with the totalists. William Macumber was up on a double murder charge. Testimony was sought from a lawyer whose client, now dead, had confessed to the murder. The trial judge declined to permit testimony from the lawyer, and, as it happened, there was other evidence sufficient to do in Macumber.

What the Court is pondering is the question whether to grant exceptions to the confidentiality rule is to attenuate the confidence with which clients can approach their lawyers. If one freezes the attention on the current case, there would be scant reason to worry about a precedent damaging to the legal profession. On the other hand, it is nowhere suggested that an innocent life is at stake in the Foster proceedings, and so the Court may be reluctant to open up the whole question when what is being transacted is primarily political in substance. The Court ruled over a year ago that the Paula Jones case should go on to trial, and is no doubt sensitive on the question whether it acted too decisively against Clinton, who was saved many months later by the Arkansas judge.

The ruling on Hamilton is expected before the Court recesses, which will be in a few weeks. Is it taken for granted that Starr will not make his case before then? That depends on what Foster told Hamilton, and on what Ken Starr has reason to believe lies in those weighty notes. □

Are You . . . 'Healthy'?

NEW YORK, JUNE 5

Dr. Sherwin Nuland of the Yale School of Medicine raises the interesting question: Are we moving in the direction of asking the medical profession to enhance life and, along the way, to prolong it? Dr. Nuland's concerns have to do with the vectors of medical research, and how they bear on the public definition of health. The search for that definition brings along a whole trainload of ancillary questions, among them, Is this—"medicine?" "restorative?" "life-enhancer?"—something that should be covered by insurance or federal aid or health maintenance organizations? For instance?

Well, Viagra has received the most notice in recent months, and the attitude toward it of reigning arbiters of federal aid is unsettled. One analyst says distinctions need to be drawn on Viagra as needed by elderly men to fulfill passionate—needs? inclinations? diversions? Everything, in the judgment of such as that analyst, depends on distinguishing which of the three it is. But that inquiry is as a practical matter pretty difficult to bring off, and raises the whole question of enhancement of life as distinguished from the curing of infirmity.

Dr. Nuland lists other current drugs. Prozac relieves depression, but the widespread use of it suggests (this is now your pundit talking, not Dr. Nuland) that many are taking it as a Feelgood pill. But what about Propecia, which is said to mitigate, or even relieve, baldness? Is such relief an exercise in medical concern, traditionally understood? Anybody can make the case for anything, granted, but it is less than shamanism to contend that, hair on the head being natural, the lack of hair on the head draws attention and, contingently, affects the mood. The decent limits to self-esteem are not exceeded by men who wear toupees or use Propecia, nor by women who use cosmetics and—their twentieth-century extension—go in for face-lifting.

But a lot of that kind of thing brings on sure-enough hubris. "Manipulation of the cellular aging mechanism raises expectations of human life extended indefinitely." Dr. Nuland gives us the absolute barrier on that kind of dreaming. The human species is built to last a maximum of 120 years. Nothing can change that. What can be done—has been done—is to edge up toward that limit, an asymtotic approach. Whereas at the turn of the century we could expect to live 45 years, now we can expect to live 75, and we are presumably continuing to edge in the direction of longevity, always on the understanding that the biological limit can't be crossed.

All such developments continue to remind us of the auto-hypnosis in which so many of us are caught up. To say that everyone in America has the "right" to health treatment is of course to say that everybody in America has the duty to provide health treatment. The very abbreviated perspective gives you Mr. Jones charging his doctor's bill via Medicare—to somebody else. As once put in this space, health care is defined as somebody else paying for it. The medical saga dramatized by Dr. Nuland in an essay for the *New York Times* is the galloping expansiveness of care that creeps in under the umbrella of "health" for reasons we can't simply dismiss as semantical. We are pretty well habituated to understanding that psychological care is plainly a matter of health, and if a man's psychological health rests on his ability to do something about his baldness, why isn't that an exercise of that right we begin by saying all Americans have?

In his famous book, *How We Die*, Dr. Nuland reminded us of the facts of death. That was only four years ago, and he spoke of AIDS as perhaps the most "devastating" of deaths, probably "now with us for the duration of human history." But the treatment of AIDS is now much advanced, and there is talk of moving in the direction of a vaccine. And the big news is Dr. Judah Folkman's two drugs capable of destroying sizable cancerous tumors in mice.

Dr. Nuland is now giving time to the Bioethics Committee of the Yale–New Haven Hospital. He writes with some pride about the brilliance of modern medical research, but pauses pregnantly to wonder whether there is the requisite wisdom. "Absent from many news reports are the uncertainty and hedging characteristic of the clinically directed research. And of course the often well-justified enthusiasm and optimism of the scientists themselves carry public opinion along in a powerful wave of assurance." □

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THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER

FLORENCE KING

GOOD timing has never been my long suit but the invention of Viagra suggests that my luck has changed. Now that I have, shall we say, retired from the ring, I can appraise the issue with a degree of objectivity that would have been impossible to summon when I was in fighting trim.

When the news of the miracle drug broke my first thought was that a classic scenario had come to an end. Never again would a woman have to struggle to keep a sympathetic—or straight—face while a hollow voice said:

"This never happened to me before."

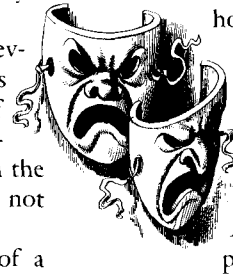
"It's not you."

"I shouldn't come here on the days that I see my analyst."

Also facing extinction was the inevitable quotation from the porter's scene in *Macbeth*, long a staple of macho intellectuals given to two-fisted drinking: "Gotta cut down on the sauce. 'It makes you stand to, and not stand to.' Ha-ha."

The woman could never think of a suitable reply. "It doesn't matter" meant that it didn't matter; "Don't worry about it" sounded flippant; and "It happens to lots of men" implied that you knew lots of men. Changing the subject was even more perilous. Diversionary topics are usually drawn from the day's news but in this case current events had a fiendish way of being awfully current. Eisenhower's heart attack? Fallen warrior. Sputnik? Defiance of gravity. Francis Gary Powers? Shot down. The Paris Summit? Collapsed. Dag Hammarskjöld? Sudden death. U Thant? An unfortunate accident befell his first name, leaving him with a mere bud. The past was even chancier than the present, populated as it was by people named Ethelred the Unready and Pippin the Short. About the only safe topics were the Edict of Bad Ulm or the Venerable Bede, and he was a celibate.

Viagra may eliminate the old scenario but anyone familiar with male psychology can predict with certainty that far worse scenarios are in the offing. As competitive as men are, how long do you think it will take before 100-milligram men launch a concerted campaign to make 50-milligram men feel like 90-pound weaklings? Once they start bragging "I'm a 100-milligram man myself" a kind of arms race will ensue until everybody is a 100-milligram man, at which point it will start all over again with demands for 200-milligram or even 500-milligram dosages.



Next, combine men's irresistible impulse to challenge authority with the know-it-all streak that makes them disdain roadmaps, and figure out how long it will take them to second-guess their doctors and pop a few extra pills "just to be sure."

Now go through *The Guinness Book of World Records* and note the preponderance of male over female names, then contemplate the sheer idiocy of most of the deeds therein and tell me how soon we can expect "Longest Sustained Erection" to be right up there with "Longest Held Breath."

We are headed for an epidemic of priapism, a cherished male fantasy as fatally flawed as that other cherished male fantasy: dating a nymphomaniac who owns a liquor store. The new scenario will feature the same old despair, but because the bladder cannot be voided while the penis is erect, "This never happened to me before!" will be spoken in considerably louder tones, and the lady in question will not have to worry about making tactful conversation because what's left of her will be busy calling 911 for both of them.

Of course not all men will brag about being on Viagra. Quite the contrary. Some men—the *über*competitors, if you will—are eager to take the opposite tack. Larry King, 64, has already kicked it off, asking in his newspaper column: "Is it boasting to say that I don't need Viagra?" No, it's just lying.

A certain number of men are going to take Viagra on the sly and then proudly display the result with the boast, "This is no pill," as in Pearl Harbor's "This is no drill." The lady in question is supposed to be flattered, and she might be if only he would shut up. But he keeps saying it—each time, over and over, until she realizes that he's protesting too much. And so it's back to the old scenario and the old cliché, with only a slight difference: "It's not you, it's Viagra."

A corollary problem is what will become of the woman whose *amour-propre* rests on being the only woman who can make an impotent man perform. The classic example of the breed was the Duchess of Windsor, said to possess some mysterious lubricious "technique" that women's magazines spent the sexual revolution trying to define and pass on in endless how-to-turn-him-into-a-stud articles. We need only imagine the Duchess forced to co-exist with Viagra—no uproar, no King, no legend—to predict the effect it's going to have on her *Cosmo*-reading wannabes: millions of unraveling female egos.

NOTHING can happen nowadays without running into the natural-versus-synthetic argument. Dare to call Velveeta cheese and the same people who make fun of polyester will snarl that Velveeta is not "real" cheese, just as polyester is not a "natural" fabric. Lest you think these people would not mar erotic interludes with comparisons between natural erections and those induced by Viagra, guess again. In the movie *John and Mary*, about the morning after a pick-up, Dustin Hoffman cooks breakfast for Mia Farrow and solemnly intones, "This is a natural egg." To his way of thinking, their future hinges on her response.

Velveeta-hating wool gatherers can lay the K-Mart curse on anything. Comes the day when the majority of American men are taking Viagra and praising its wonders, the high priests of environmental awareness will *stop* taking it and start talking incessantly about how much better they feel now. Sex? Why, it's better now, too. It's like sweaters—one good one is better than lots of synthetic ones.

And for those times when sex is not so good—indeed, nonexistent—they have an explanation at the ready: "I shouldn't come here on the days that I buy hard cheese." □

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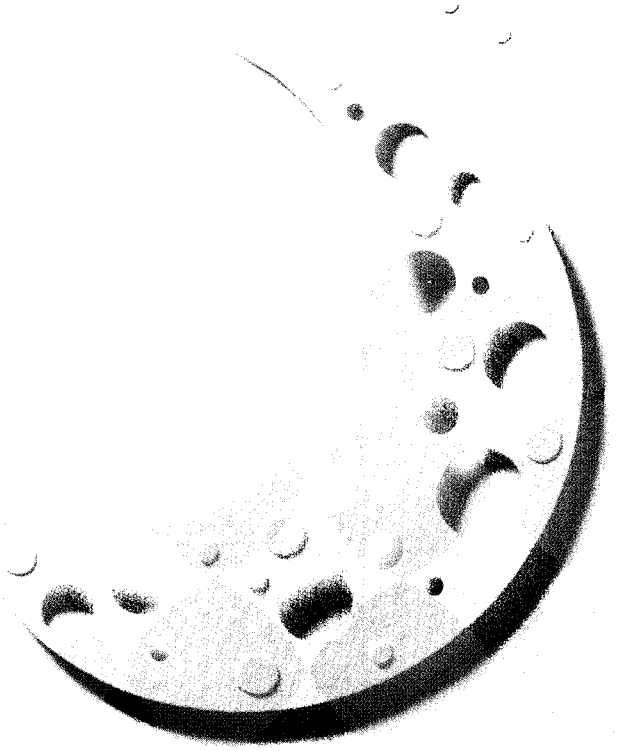

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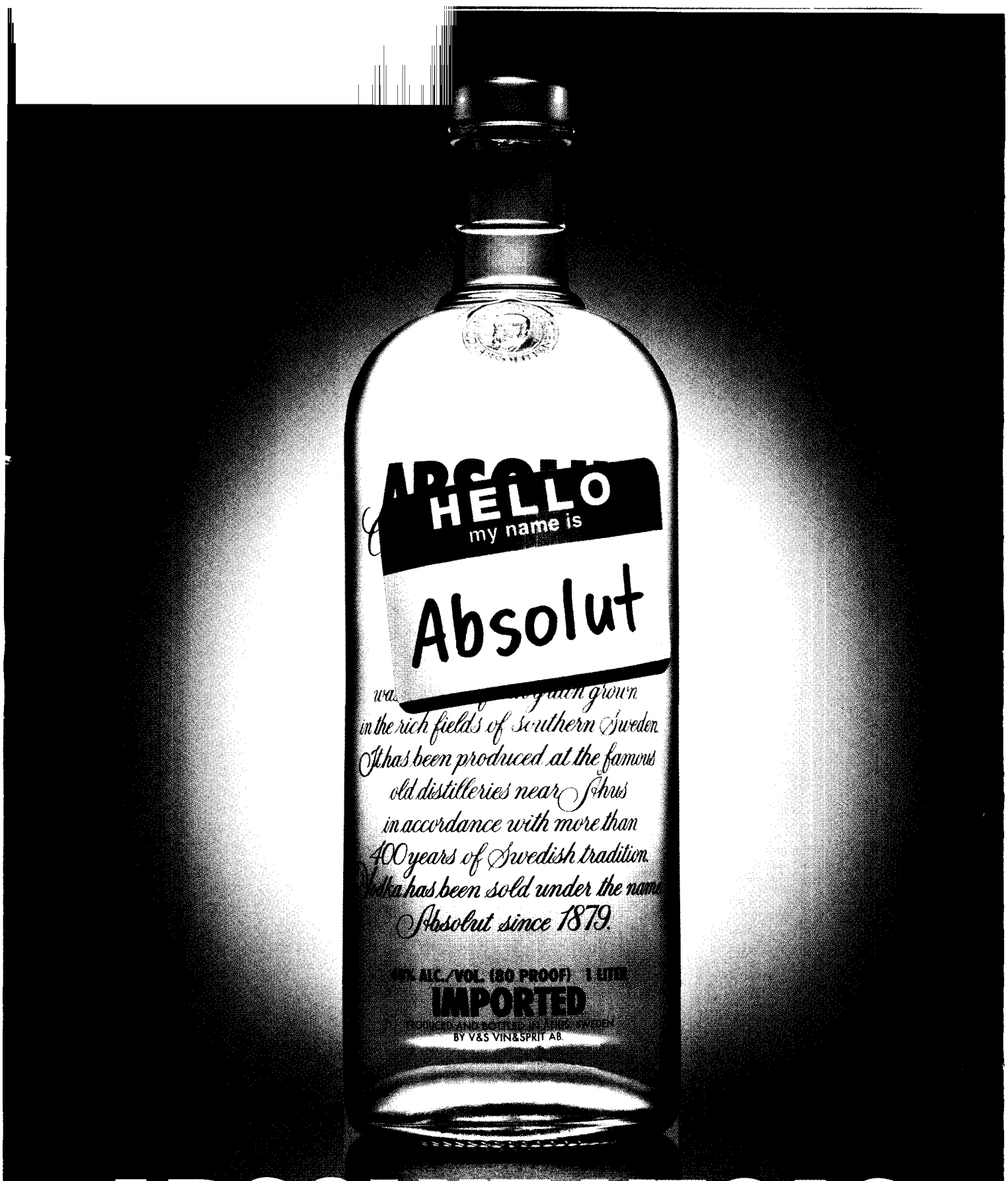
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